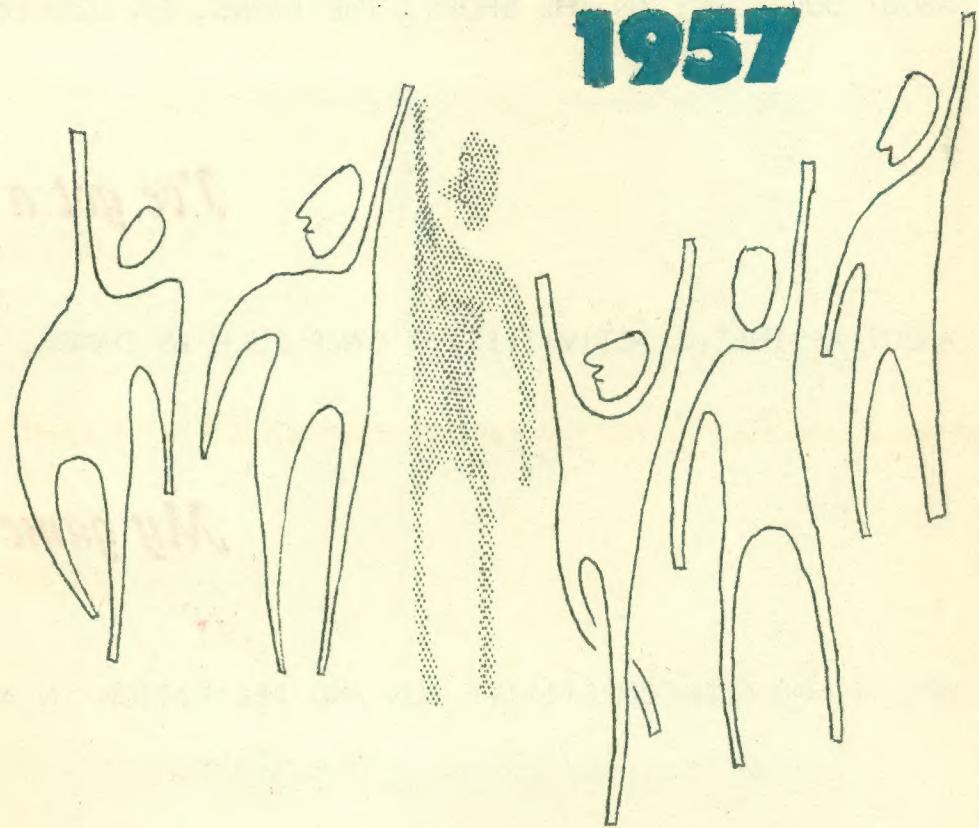


Buck's Rock Work Camp Yearbook

1957

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE CAMPERS OF BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT

1957



Buck's Rock Work Camp Yearbook

I'm overwhelmed

CONCERNING OUR ARRIVAL, AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAMP, PEOPLE, AND PLACES

What shall I do today

ABOUT OUR WORK: IN THE SHOPS, THE FARMS, ON CONSTRUCTION, AND ELSEWHERE

I've got a rehearsal

ABOUT AESTHETIC ACTIVITIES AT CAMP SUCH AS DANCE, DRAMATICS, MUSIC, ART

My game is improving

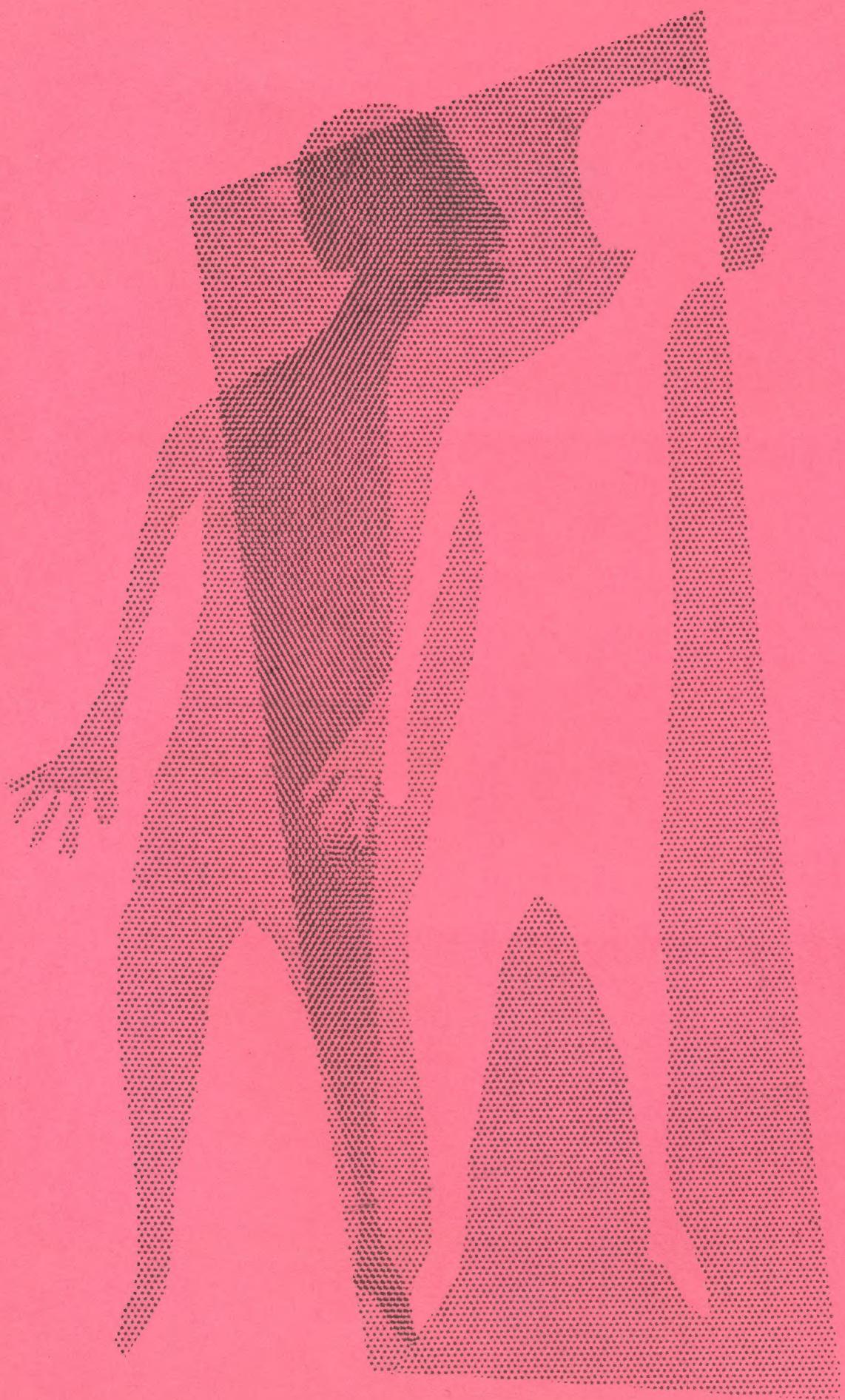
HOW WE HAD NON-COMPETITIVE FUN AND RELAXATION IN A WIDE RANGE OF SPORTS

I think I will go

ABOUT THE TRIPS AND EVENING ACTIVITIES WHICH WE'VE HAD A CHANCE TO ENJOY

I'll see you at the reunion

ABOUT OUR DEPARTURE AND MEMORIES OF CAMP, ESPECIALLY OF ITS INHABITANTS



B

Buck's Rock is a camp which emphasizes the individual as a creative human being. In this year's yearbook we have chosen to represent camp from an individual's view, starting from the beginning of the summer and continuing to the close. The articles have been written through the eyes of the authors, thus expressing the personal aspect of the summer.

You may put yourself in the place of any of the "I's" in this yearbook. Who did not say, or think, when he arrived at camp, "I'm overwhelmed," and who will not utter that well-known phrase at the close of camp, "I'll see you at the reunion"?

As you read through the yearbook, we hope it will remind you of the momentous summer you spent here. And so without further adieu I present you with '57's heavenly yearbook, based on the theme of Buck's Rock as each of us has experienced it.

a message from Ernie

Once again, we come to the end of a summer. Each of you will undoubtedly hold a different image of Buck's Rock in memory: a new friend you made, a part you acted in a play, the first time you tried to make a mosaic. We hope, however, that the basic aims and lessons of Buck's Rock will not fade into memory, but will be a living part of you.

At the beginning of the summer, I told you that we were going to help you to SEARCH for and to DISCOVER talents and abilities within you. I encouraged you to use the freedom of choice we foster at Buck's Rock to your best advantage. Now, at the end of the summer, I am sure that you will agree with me that what you received this summer was directly related to the effort you put into your life and work at Buck's Rock. The responsibility of choice was yours all summer; now you can proudly say that whatever you have accomplished was due to your own decisions, your own efforts.

"Have you not done it all yourself
Young, glowing heart?"

But many of you went further. They have used the summer to achieve not only success in work, but success in human relationships. The same basic rules prevail here, too. Through SEARCH and DISCOVERY, one learns to find the way to the human heart, and this, too, can be one of the greatest achievements, and one of the most rewarding. How often in your work, did you say, "I made a mistake. I'll try again in another way." Regard human relationships, too, as a skill, an art, an endless experience in growth

and development, in which you must give of yourself, with the same effort that you give to any endeavor.

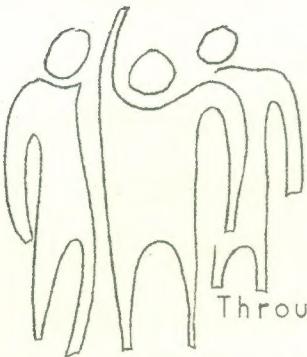
You know that one can be a successful person without being a successful human being. They are not the same thing. The aim of Buck's Rock is to help you to achieve the status of a successful human being which means, not only success in your work, but success in your human relationships.



If you have learned this at Buck's Rock, you have taken a great step forward on the road to maturity. We shall be looking forward to seeing many of you next summer. And, like you, we shall in the meantime be guided ourselves by the never-ending efforts entailed in SEARCH and DISCOVERY.

We, the staff of Buck's Rock, now say...Good Bye. Have a wonderful year, and know that the pleasure and benefits you might have experienced from this summer at Buck's Rock are equalled by our pride in your achievements.

Ernst



Through being at this camp this summer and working with many varied people, I have begun to realize what makes individuality, which is a vital part of Buck's Rock. Individuality is the difference between people; it is that intangible which makes people either like or dislike each other.

I have learned that regardless of whether or not I like a person, I can grow and learn through what he has to offer. By acquainting myself with as many different people as possible, I can develop my own personality through their influence. It is truly wonderful to realize how fortunate I am because there are so many people from whom I can benefit. I can compare people and decide what I like and don't like, I can pick and choose, and grow and learn those qualities I would like to possess.

There is a whole world of people from whom I can gain knowledge. I shall always try to take advantage of them.



IM OVERWHELMED

A

day to which I had been looking forward for so many months had finally arrived. Anxiety filled me at the prospect of making new friends.

I felt confused and didn't know what to expect. What are these kids like? Will they accept me? Do boys and girls participate in all activities together? These questions and many more whirled about my mind like a merry-go-round becoming heavier and heavier as it picks up new passengers.

On the long train ride to camp I was friendly towards no one and not one person ever said hello to me. A strange shy ~~feeling~~ seemed to fill the air and I'm sure everyone felt as uncomfortable as I did.

Once in camp, though, the mask of shyness was shed and understanding and friendliness prevailed.

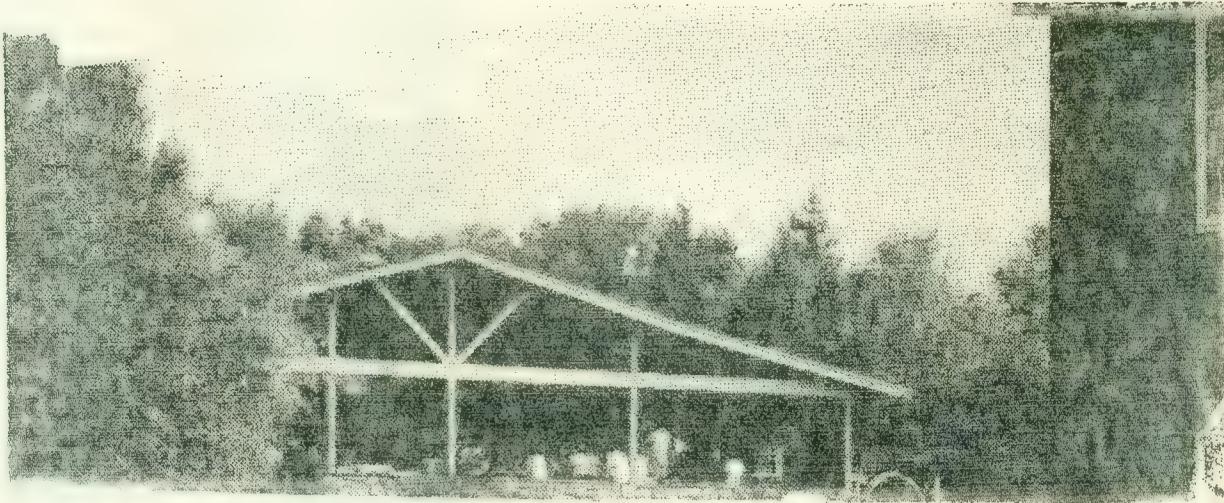
Someone came up to me with a friendly "hello and what's your name?" I asked her where I bunked and she showed me. My first emotion was shock. When someone had said that campers live in buildings, I had expected to have a large room with a dresser and desk and a bathroom attached. Now as I think of it, my expectations were quite impractical. I looked around the square "cubby hole" which was to be my quarters for the summer and began unpacking.

"I WONDERED"

During my first few days at Buck's Rock, I wondered how anyone could feel at home and relaxed. Even while among throngs of people I had a never-ceasing feeling of emptiness and loneliness. Along with these two driving weaknesses came envy. Envy of those old, old campers who knew exactly where to go and what to do.

At first I tried following the old campers, but soon I realized that everyone must find his own way here. And so I went through various systems of keeping myself busy; for I found when I wasn't dashing around madly it gave me too much of a chance to think of how alone I was, which therefore depressed me.

So out I went to find new things to do and to try to meet people. But each time I approached a new group I had to gain control of myself and gather up all my courage. Very often my impulse was to turn around and leave, and very often that's exactly what I did.



After the first week I was more at home, but there were still swift and engulfing pangs of nervousness that had to be whipped down. This cracking of nerves never failed to leave me listless and exhausted. Buck's Rock didn't seem to be the camp for rest during the summer.

Now, a whole-hearted Buck's Rocker, I find it hard to think back and remember how miserable I was. There are no more engulfing pangs of nervousness. I have now a feeling of belonging and being wanted. It is an entirely new and an entirely happier picture. I hope that the other new campers have come to feel as at home as I have. It delivers you to a new world of experience.

Joan Adelman

Photo by richard wiener

THIS YEAR I WON'T WASTE TIME

My first year
was over,
The second
just begun...
No more
Naps and chess
Room a mess,
This year
I'll have more than fun.

On the train
I planned...
"So many things
to do"
Don't expect me
to write
to uncles and aunts
and dozens of cousins,
And YOU!

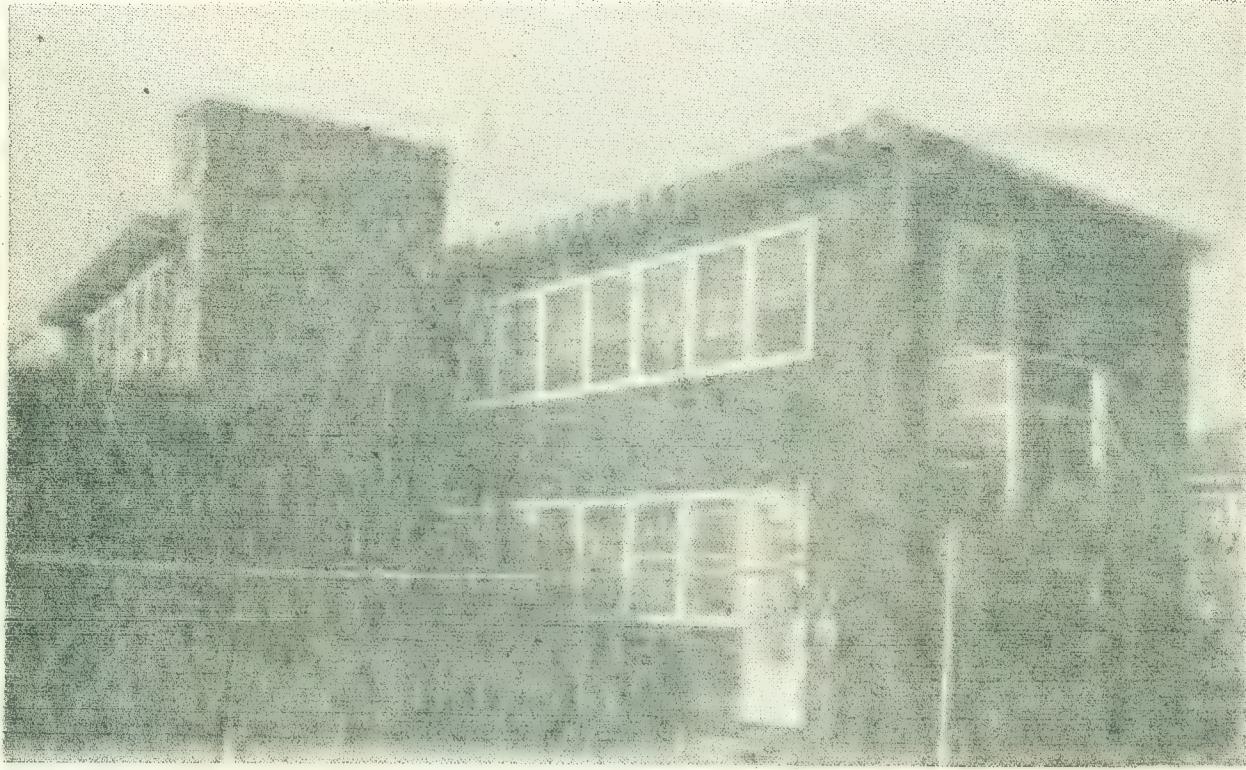
Finally
I settled down
And looked around
the place.
I saw
Dogs and ducks
Guitars and trucks
And many a
kindly face.

I went to
the farms,
And worked in
the shops.
I made
Bowls and rings
Mosaics and things
And helped produce
the crops.

I sang a lot
and made
new friends.
As
Skills I learned
Money I earned
I'll be so unhappy
when the summer ends!



Candy Bliss



BOYS' HOUSE

As Trwin's ever-present morning call of "All out for the sack race" rings in the ears of the upstairs residents; another day in the Boys' House begins.

The boys crawl out of beds like butterflies out of **their** cocoons and don slowly their day's attire. After breakfast beds are reluctantly made and cubbies made tidy. The hamsters, which are the mascots of the Boy's House, are fed their breakfast.

For the rest of the morning the House is usually deserted except for the occasional entrance of a prospective swimmer. After a big lunch a big scramble is made for the mail in Fergie's room. In the afternoon the lounge is inhabited by chess players and piano enthusiasts.

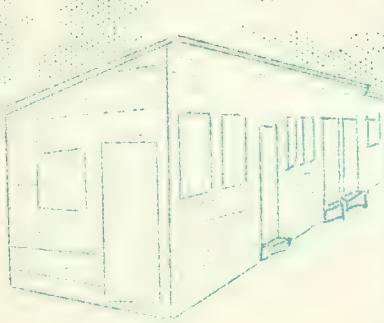
From supper time to the bed gong things are relatively quiet. But when bed-goers start pouring in, things begin to happen. There is the usual amount of persuasion needed by the O.D. to get the boys in their pajamas, but once this is done a story is usually read. After lights out much conversation spreads through the bunks until all are tuckered out.

Jim Rothenberg

photo by kenneth newrock

BOYS' ANNEX

The Boys' Annex is very different this year from what it was in previous years. There are several reasons for this. One is the addition of two record players in "Annex #64." This is the same bunk that is the headquarters of the "Bugs Bunny" fan club (local #1). Also the one with the tape recorder, eighteen inch fan, iron, fluorescent light, and many other "comforts of home." As a matter of fact I sometimes wonder why I left home.



The Boys' Annex #62 is the center of the BRTC (The Buck's Rock Telephone Company). This unique set up has branches in Pre-fabs #1 and #2, the Girls' Annex, Shops, and who knows where it will go next? This same bunk, through the facilities of Roger Isaccs, has the only operating "Ham" station contained in living quarters. As a matter of fact you can get the thrill of 2,500 volts running through you (wonderful story to tell your kids, if you live to have kids).

The Six Bunk is famed for being the only bunk in camp to have (at this date) "A Child's Garden of Freberg" favorites and is always being borrowed (by us). Annex #63, the bunk next to us, is lucky to have Jim Henaghan who somehow manages to spend most of his time in our bunk. We are in turn lucky to have him because he manages to do all the things that keep us busy, such as breaking our light string, using our pillows for footballs and carving up our bunk with his "Davy Crockett hunting knife" which he got for a box top from "Instant Farina" and \$1.98.

As for counselors we couldn't ask for a better selection. The list is headed by Shelly Maskin and family. It is followed by petite Pete Cohen, Cantalopic Carl Tannenbaum and, not to forget, Die Dreigroschenoper Dick Levy. There are only two other bunks that we have not mentioned: one is #61, in which many facets of the camp are well represented, such as the construction crew by Jeff Zissu, the animal farm by Richard Kohn, the shops by Neil Fischbein and the Audobon Society by Jeff Solomon.

The last bunk is Annex #65, caging a very interesting batch of six boys who keep us very amused with such escapades as pillow fights with ripped pillows or chair robbing or many of the other pranks which they see fit to pull.

The Annex is by far the best as I said before..

NO JIM YOU MAY NOT CUT OUR LIGHT STRING!!

as I was saying, the boys....

NO JIM, I AM USING THE PEN...

The Annex is by far...

I SAID I AM USING IT NOW.

Josh White

GIRLS' HOUSE ANNEX

Although the Girl's House Annex may not be heaven, I think it's great! As an old camper, I was pretty sure what to expect the first day of camp. I knew we would have a house meeting but I was excited anyway, because here was the first time we were all together. Little did I know, many other meetings would follow at which we would discuss topics like camp spirit, cliques, and the shops.

Often after the wash-up gong, I "hobbled" into the lounge, expecting to spend a "quiet" five minutes writing a letter. When I walked into the lounge, many people had ideas contrary to mine. There were two boys playing guitars, a girl ironing, and three other people listening to records. "There goes my quiet period of letter writing," I thought as I joined a group! This is a typical scene in my summer home.

I've come to the conclusion that I spend most of my summer waiting on lines. Not only do I wait for meals, but for the "pet" shower of the annex!

After evening activities, we are herded in by Jan and Pauline like cattle, but the fun doesn't end. As soon as the lights go out, our bunks become picnic grounds while we gossip and eat whatever food we can find. Soon, about midnight, all is quiet except the squeaking of our "thick" mattresses. I can hardly believe that the summer flew by so fast. It has been a successful one and I have made many close friendships in the annex which will last for many years to come.

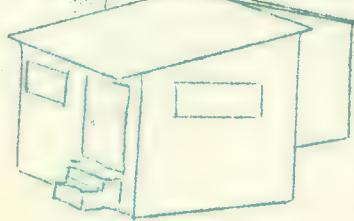
Arlene Kagle and Roberta Elias

GIRLS' HOUSE

It's morning in the girls' house. I hear our counselors going into each room turning on the light, saying, "Get up girls! First breakfast will ring in a minute!" So up I get and start getting dressed. Then all of a sudden one of our counselors (Ruth, Ahita, Charlotte or Judy) comes in and says, "Hurry up." I say, "OK I'm going as fast as I can." After breakfast I decide to stay in the bunk until Life Saving. But along comes my evil-eyed counselor who says, "Get out of the house so the cleaning woman can clean." Then the day passes. I seem fairly tired until the night gong rings. Then I start to use up my energy. My counselor comes to my room and says, "Karen, go to sleep!" I go to bed and then all of a sudden a voice says, "Come into my room and talk to me." So in I go. By this time the counselors have given up trying and let us talk. When I go to sleep it is 12 o'clock. Now you see why it is so hard to get up in the morning.

Karin Elkind

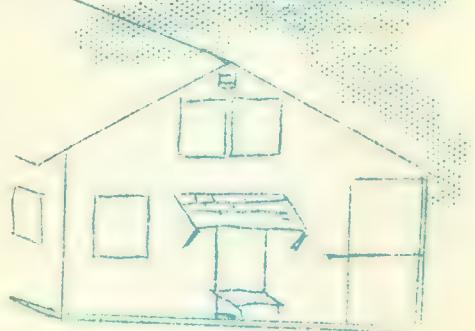
ALUMINUM HOUSE



Life in the Aluminum House has been compared to life in a tin can. This is not true. Life in the Aluminum House is not quite like life anywhere else. It is different things at different times. When it rains, it is like living in a snare drum. When it is hot, the Aluminum House is 10% hotter. When it is cold, the Aluminum House is 10% colder. We also enjoy some of the privileges of CIT's: We can walk a couple of miles to the bathroom, and we have "Dutch" for a counselor. However, in spite of these advantages, life in the Aluminum House has been fun.

Dan Kirsch

SHOP BUILDING

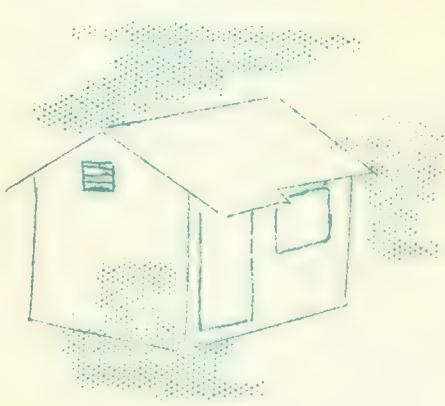


Eight of us live above the shops. We enjoy our rooms because they are big, but the ceilings are low because of the roof. Our counselors are Al Pine and Steve Bulova. We eat second meals. We like to eat second meals better than first because most of us wake up late. My bed is the biggest of all the beds, but I don't like it because my sheets don't fit.

One night someone slammed the door. One of the boys tried to open it, but it would not open, because there was no knob. The rest of us tried to open the door but we were unable to; we kicked it, it broke, and then some of us repaired it. Now we can open it.

Allen Frenkel.

PRE-FABS



As I took my first glance at the Prefabs in the beginning of the season, I inwardly knew that this was going to be a very special season in the Prefabs. And sure enough as soon as camp got into full swing I knew my prophecy was correct.

The Prefab boys formed into a large group, and to the dismay of Dave and Anna Anton became a powerful organization.

The Prefabbers though were big operators. We elected a queen, Janet Blank, took on the Boys' Annex in baseball, and many other things. We even had a flag.

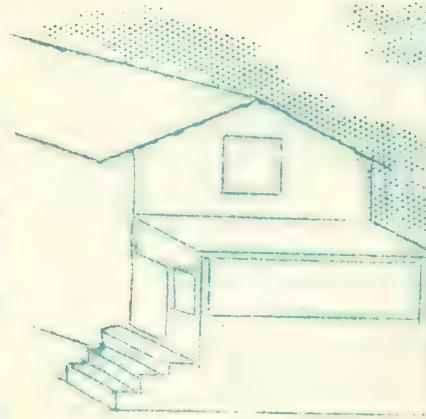
Yet all during this we still had fun kidding with Bernie Leif, whom we renamed Bernst.

Some of the boys became overactive, so Dick Traum decided to give us exercises. Every night hence forth the Prefabbers were doing pushups, etc.

Finally the day will come when I will have to leave the Prefabs, the friends I made, and our great counselors. So until next year, "good-bye Prefabs."

Steve Lipson

FARM HOUSE



"Farmhouse, oh, Farmhouse, beautiful Farmhouse, our home. One big happy family, 25 girls (monsters) and four counselors."

The first day of camp was an exciting one, meeting everyone and getting settled in our new home. A few yells and screams introduced us: "My mattress is so thick---one inch!" "I can't open my trunk; the key won't fit!" "What little drawers." "Hi! so you're my bunkmate!" That's us.

Oh, yes, our rooms are beautiful! They are not all that bad, just some of them. As you know, our bunks are spotless (ha). Such a beautiful mess! Do we know how to clean? That is the \$64,000 question.

You know no one wears her own clothes, it's always someone else's stuff that fits or matches better.

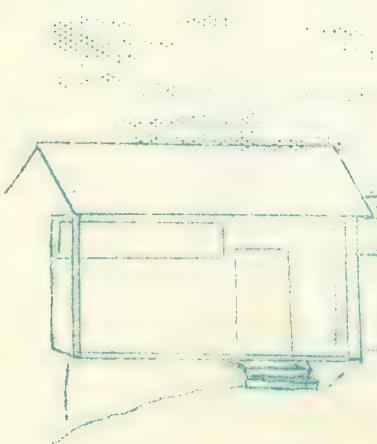
FOOD! is a frequent cry. At the Farmhouse food is treasured. You gain many friends when you get food.

"Lemme in the bathroom." "I can't, I'm in the tub." "Hey! I'm next." "Oh no, I am." "Can I come in with you?" "NO!" One bathroom just isn't enough for seventeen people. We fight morning, noon, and night to see who's next.

Well that's (clutter bang pop zoom zow wack bing ding) us, one big happy family.

Carol Ross

INFIRMARY



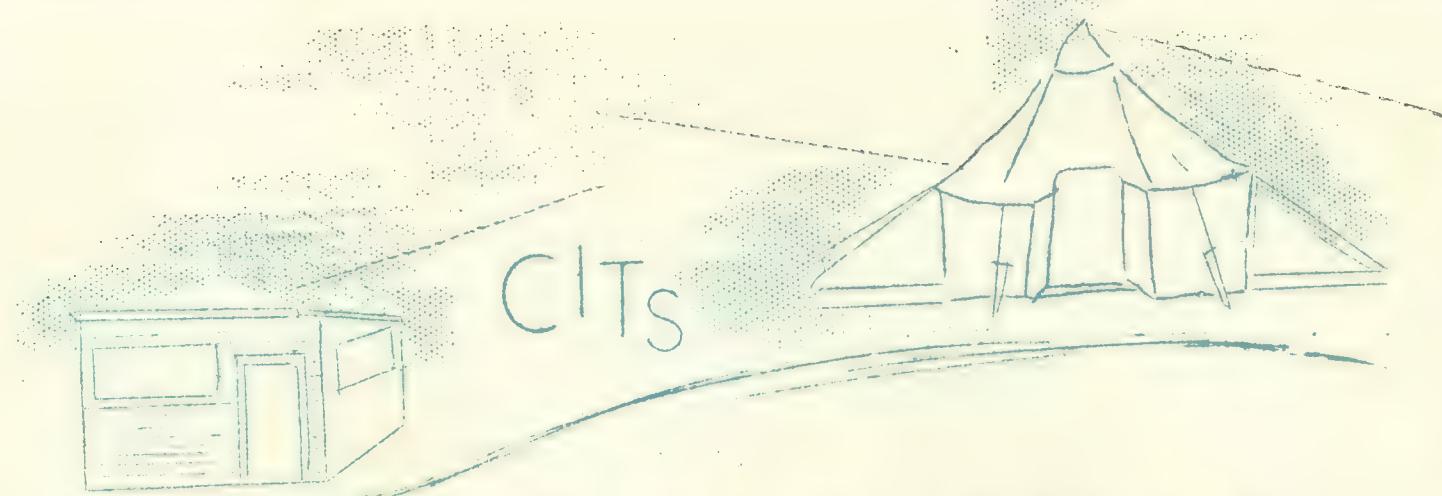
I must confess I was rather uneasy when I first stepped up onto the porch and timidly announced myself to Livvy, the nurse at the infirmary. I was soon to learn that there was no cause for apprehension. The stay which I had dreaded turned out to be quite agreeable, though not actually enjoyable.

Fortunately, not being too sick, I was able to appreciate to the fullest the royal treatment I received. Imagine the luxury of breakfast in bed in a private room, with a book at my side and the birds twittering through an open window.

For two days and three nights I reveled in my new-found leisure, reading, writing, and chatting amiably with my fellow "inmates." The peace was only disturbed by occasional doses of medicine and a daily visit from Dr. Barysh.

The time passed rapidly. Before I realized it, I was bidding my temporary leisure good-bye and running full-speed down the road to join my friends in the more energetic atmosphere of the Girls' Annex.

Amy Danais



I awoke bright and early and skipped to the Social Hall to serve first breakfast. After dishing out buckets of oatmeal according to Shifty's precise portions, I sat down to eat my own hearty breakfast. --- And so, my day as a CIT began.

At the work gong I went to my shop. As a CIT I accepted new responsibilities. No longer could I wander from activity to activity. I had chosen my field in the beginning of the summer and I soon learned to do the work that I was expected to do. Under the counselors' careful guidance, I helped the campers with their projects. I enjoyed my work. It was rewarding to find that I could teach as well as learn.

My day went quickly and it was soon time for CIT snack. I hopped on the blue pick-up truck, bound for the tennis courts. Every night after the campers were asleep (?) I congregated with my friends to eat egg-salad sandwiches, guzzle bug juice, and exchange the news of the day.

We discussed our many CIT activities that gave us something in common: --- our freezing hay ride, our flyer describing CIT life at Buck's Rock, and our wild melodrama, "Dora, the Beautiful Dishwasher." Under the enthusiastic direction of Dutch, we planned our next "teach and learn night." I was excited to hear that the CIT's of the Construction Crew were going to try to show us how to build a wall for the new Woodshop. Previously we had worked in the shops, taken dancing and fencing lessons, and labored on the farms. These lessons made us more familiar with the other activities in camp and they gave us a chance to teach our fellow CIT's something about our own work.

The lessons were always successful due to the enthusiasm of the group and their willingness to learn. Although we saw little of each other during the day because our interests led us into different fields, I found an amazing closeness within our CIT group. There was a feeling of togetherness; we all were striving for a common goal, to live up to our new responsibilities and prove that we were counselors-in-training in more than name.

I walked slowly away from the lighted tennis courts toward the Girls' House for my O.D. I found this job a challenging one too, for I knew I was getting valuable experience both for the days when I would be a counselor, and also in my everyday relations with others.

Candy Bliss

to NEW MILFORD

At some time during the season, most campers decide to walk the three miles into New Milford for a root beer or a hamburger. I was no exception.

I was not one of the campers going to buy materials for the camp. Therefore I used my feet for the three miles instead of riding in a camp truck.

I stopped at the bridge to look at the water and sat down along the road many times, only to find that I had missed poison ivy by a fraction of an inch. I saw many campers whizzing by in camp trucks, waving or grinning at me. Oh, was this aggravating! When it was time to go back, there was no camp vehicle returning, and so, with bundles of food and all, I walked. Does it sound easy? Believe me, it was my last trip. The road seemed twice as long on the way home.

When I came to the Buck's Rock road, I was about to fall, but I would never have made it all the way up the hill if I had rested at that crucial moment. Eventually I found myself signing in at the office. My bed in the Girl's House never seemed as comfortable as it was that day.

My advice to campers who simply must go into town is to think twice and write out an order. Oh, my feet!!!

JANET GOLDSTEIN

"...is that a camp car?"



LAUNDRY DAY



All lazy late sleepers, especially me, dread Thursday mornings, laundry day, which meant tumbling out of my ~~messy~~ bed at the wake up song instead of five minutes before second breakfast.

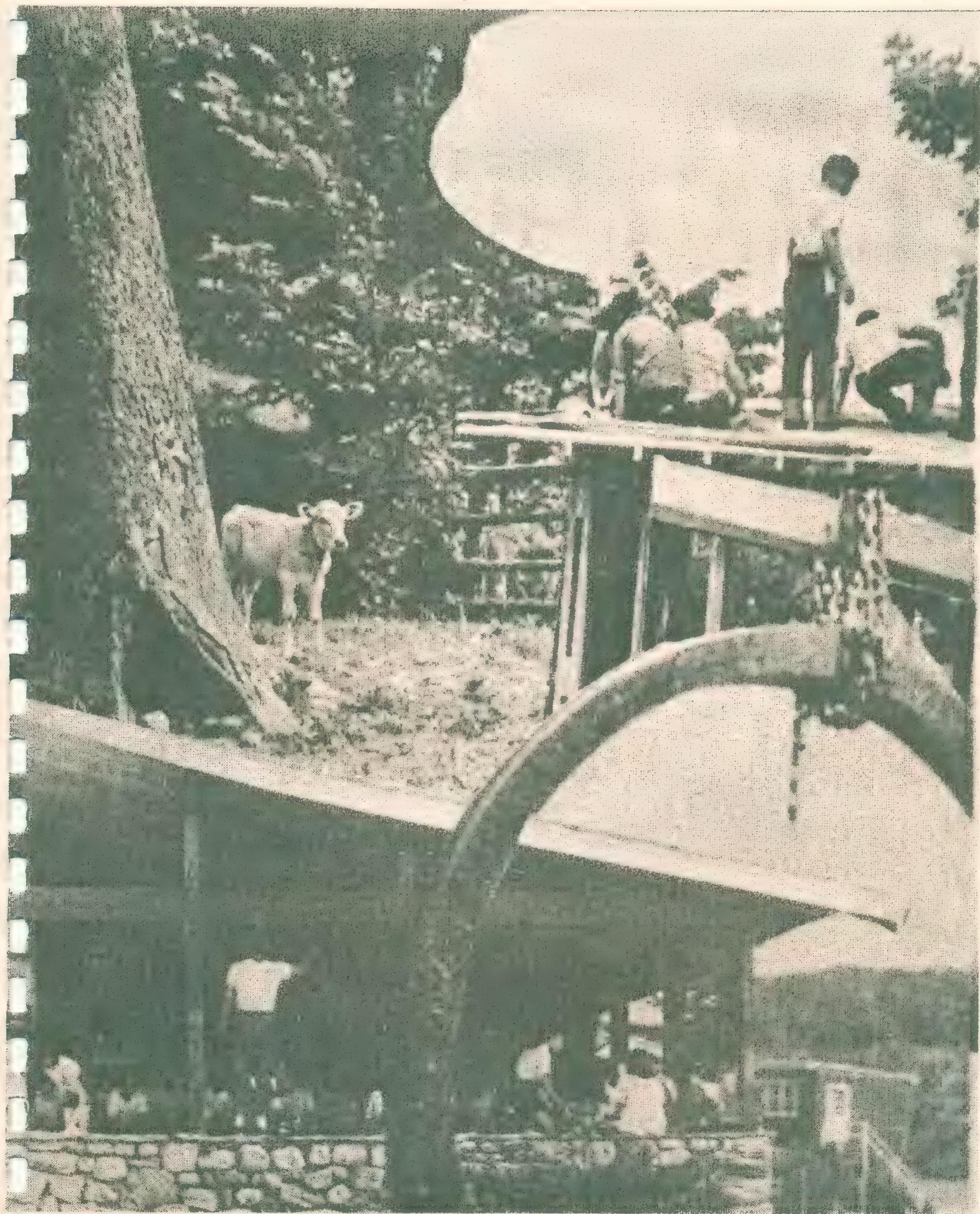
Many of us had indigestion thinking about our clean laundry and hoping our underwear would not come back starched.

After the dirty laundry was stored away in those "fifty-cent" laundry bags, I waited patiently for the familiar truck. In no time at all the campus was filled with campers walking around like chickens with their heads cut off trying to gather the laundry.

It was very interesting to me to see what kind of messes the laundry made of other people's clothes as long as my things looked half-way decent. A pair of pink socks came back purple, my new blouse, chock full of holes, and a pair of dungarees with a crease down the side.

I forgave the few goofs the laundry made because at least my sheets came back clean!!!

Roberta Elias





"WHAT SHALL I DO TODAY?"

I must finish my salad bowl in the Wood Shop....Or should I go to the Print Shop; I think I have an article due..... But the Ceramics Shop is fun, too. It's great to make mud pies or to play patty-cake with the clay....Speaking of mud-pies, I think mixing cement on construction might be a thrill....Or maybe I'll work with Sara Allan in the Leather Shop. Should I make a belt, collar, or ponytail holder....

"Come out and work on the vegetable farm," said Ernie at Breakfast. Maybe I won't go to the shops at all. At the farm there are many jobs to do. I could hoe, pick, weed, plant, or thin....the animal farm is very interesting too, I could feed and care for the animals, whitewash a chicken coop, maybe even milk the cow.... The Science Lab is always bubbling with excitement. New little creatures are always being born. All sorts of experiments are being held, such as timing the white rat that is trying to find its way out of the maze....

What shall I do today? I can't decide.

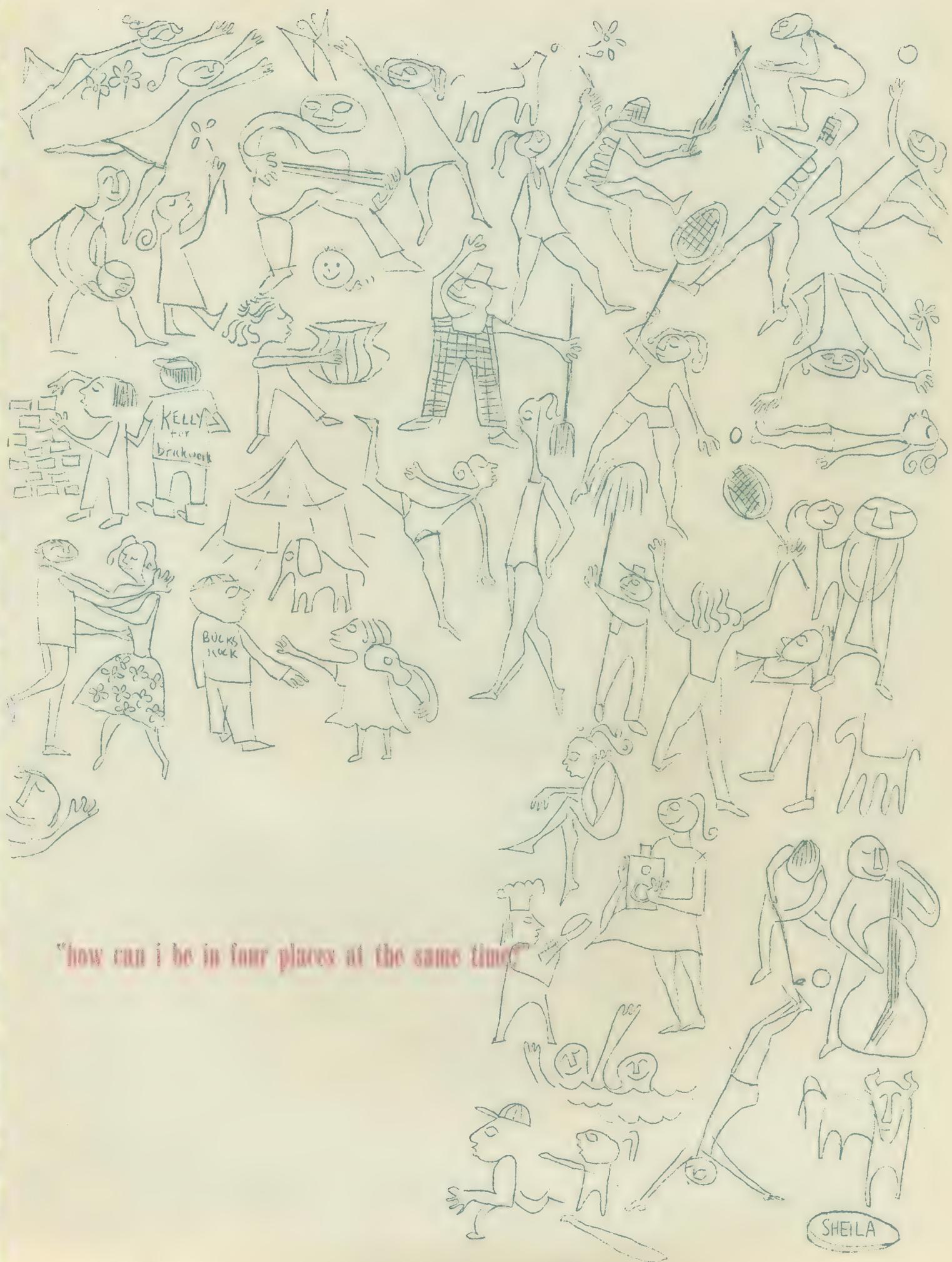
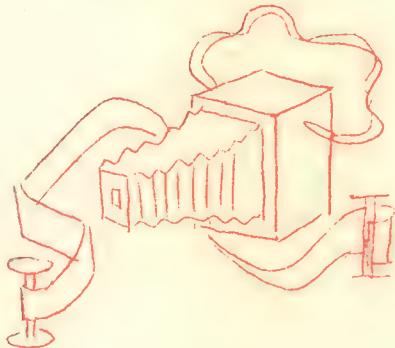




PHOTO SHOP

with JOHN STEPHENSON
DICK TRAUM

"don't open the black boxes"



CERAMIC SHOP

with HARRY ALLAN
ANITA VACCARO
BARBARA MILLER

"present it to the committee"



As I was walking through the shop, I accidentally stumbled into a dark passageway. So I decided to follow a white line painted on the wall. To my amazement, it led me into a room in which several people were doing things with paper and chemicals that I had never seen done before. I asked a boy what he was doing. He replied, "enlarging." As he took a piece of paper from an easel, as he called it, and put it into a pan of some kind of liquid, to my surprise a faint image appeared. As the picture grew darker, the image became clear, and I recognized it to be a picture of the Boys' House.

I asked a boy whether I could do this too. He replied, "yes anyone at all can do this." Printing is easy I have found, and our Photo Shop offers a wonderful opportunity for boys and girls to develop and print pictures.

The shop has made post cards that are sold at the product stand, made pictures for publications, which were reproduced on stencil and run off in the Print Shop, taken house pictures and taken picture profiles.

At Festival the Photo Shop will have a display of the best photos that were taken this year.

Jay Gottlieb

"Present it to the committee." "Put it in the dry closet." "That goes in the kiln." These are the words I hear as I enter the Ceramic Shop. Outside I see Barbara Millman busily working with her life-size plaster sculpture.

That mosaic on the damp closet wall is excellent. The design looks familiar--Oh, I know, it's from the fourth issue of the Weeder's Digest. About seven Farmhouse girls are practically crawling in and out of each other to complete the brilliantly colored forms. I think it is one of the highlights of all the shops.

Many lovely items were made this summer in the Ceramic Shop. Outstanding were the clasped hands made by Dot Tuckman and the excellent modern chess sets.

I'm still trying to "pot" but I'm afraid it will take much work.

Ava Bry

LEATHER SHOP

with SARA ALLAN

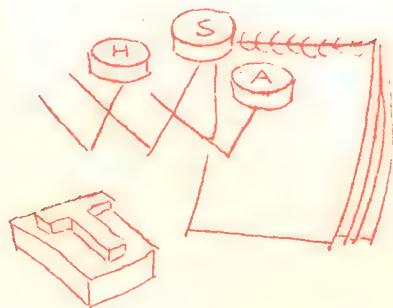
"make it straight"



PRINT SHOP

with JULIA WINSTON
RICHARD LEVY
HANK BERG
ELLY WILE
JOHN HACK
JUDY LOBER

"ah..a willing worker.."



"Hide-a-way" is a very appropriate name for our Leather Shop, I thought, while working on my belt, because this shop is not located with the rest of the shops but in Sara Allan's cabin near the Girls' House. I saw many articles such as key, cigarette, and glasses cases, wallets, ponytail holders and handbags being made from beautiful pieces of leather, such as ostrich, cowhide, and snakeskin, picked out by Sara.

It took me about four days to complete my belt, and, as I walked out of the Leather Shop, carrying my finished creation, I felt a great satisfaction knowing I had made with my own hands such as a beautiful and useful piece of clothing. All Buck's Rockers should have the experience in working with leather and knowing that they created something useful and of value.

Roberta Elias

Many hours of my summer I spent a few feet behind the shop building, and a few feet to the right of the site of the construction crew, where there stands a small wooden building known as the Print Shop.

The main object of the Print Shop is to produce the "Weeder's Digest", the "Yearbook", the "Songbook", and to keep people happy. The latter, I found very obvious, when I entered the Print Shop for the first time. Here I saw people with happy faces singing as they were working, pretending to work, or just sitting and kibbitzing.

"What can I do" is the cry of the Print Shop, which I have often uttered. The jobs I have done include typing, stenciling, cranking, slipsheeting, de-slipsheeting, wrapping, and printing. Print Shop workers become very versatile.

On the more creative side I did writing and reporting for the "Weeder's Digest" and "Yearbook", and I watched the aesthetic-minded do illustrations for the publications.

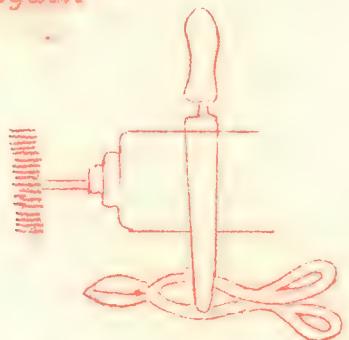
In the final analysis the print shop is a place where young and old, talented and not so talented, serious and fun-loving, campers and counselors, may work, play, create, and have a thoroughly good time together.

Marian Jolles

METALSMITHING

with AL PINE

"try again"



ELECTRONICS

with AL WEISMAN

"cq, cq, cq, cq..."



Have you ever received the urge to create a masterpiece in metal? Maybe you spied something in Greenwich Village that caught your fancy. If so, you can do something about it, as I did by going to see Al Pine in "Metalsmithing." Upon entering he handed me paper and told me to draw my ideas. After taking great pains to make it presentable I thrust it at him. He looked at it, grunted, and said, "Try again." It ended up the way he liked it, as something I had never imagined could be created before. However when all was over and done with, I was quite pleased with what I had created, and silently thanked Al for helping me.

Emily Weissler

Despite the uncooperative neighbors at Zephyr Hill, the ham shack was finally completed near the tennis court this year and the transmitter was built. This is an exceptional accomplishment in view of the fact that none of us had had any previous experience and due to a greater contributing factor that our working days were cut short by the forced quiet during the mid-afternoon rest hour of the Zephyr Hill residents (during which time they often consumed the electronics shop's snack). One problem encountered in finishing the building was getting power to run the equipment. The existing lines could not string heavy cable overground. This made it necessary for us to dig a two-hundred foot ditch to bury the cable. The trouble was that every time we had the dirt scooped out of the ditch it rained and the dirt would be washed back in again. We finally managed to lay the cable during a dry spell. After current was flowing through this cable, we proceeded to construct the transmitter. As the camp has no call sign as yet, we had to use Al's call, and the individual call of campers:

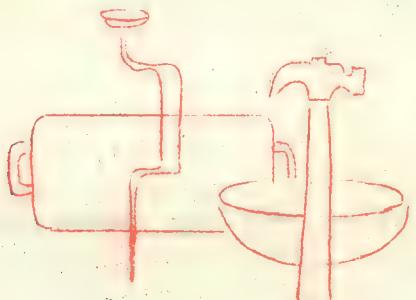
K2OSW, K2PSE, KN2SUS, N2UAM, N2V1F, K2VPK, KH2WEP, and yours truly, K2IAD. We planned to get on the air from the new ham shack before festival. We expect to get a call for the camp next year when we will be able to operate the equipment that we built this summer.

Richard Daynard

WOOD SHOP

with DAVID ANTON
STAN PLOTNER
CARL TANNENBAUM

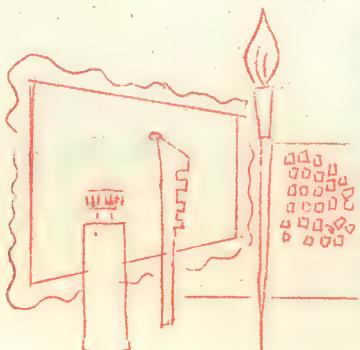
"what, another hamster cage?"



ART SHOP

with PHOEBE AND JACK
SONNENBERG
JUDY BERNSTEIN
SUSI WILNER

"I want to make a mosaic, but
I can't draw..."



I was almost overwhelmed as I approached the woodshop. The loud din caused by buzzing saws, hammering tools, and screaming lathes gave me a foreboding and intriguing picture of the place. I entered filled with anxiety yet uncertain of what to create. Wandering around the shop, I saw bowls, mosaic trays, meat cutting boards, and bird cages undergoing their various stages of development. It amazed me to see the campers so engrossed in their work and to observe their proficient handling of the machines.

I had a sudden inspiration to construct a "Lazy-Susan" and remained there for several minutes planning my design on paper. After receiving expert advice from the counselor I was ready to begin. I started immediately, eager and enthusiastic to work on my new wooden project.

Nan Rothenberg and Felice Elias

Early this year, I decided to go to the art shop even though I didn't have much artistic ability. The first thing I asked was what projects may I start? I was told that mosaics, woodcuts, etchings and silkscreening were some of the projects available. I asked to see some of the mosaics and was shown many flowers, birds, fish, and patterns. Most unusual was a mosaic made of seeds and rice. I was also interested in silkscreening and immediately signed up for silkscreen stationery. Among other things I helped with were the silkscreening of Weeder's Digest covers and the dividers and cover of the year book.

I attended sketching classes and signed up for art trips. Scenery is also done in the art shop. Some items such as trees, mirrors, and bookcases are built, then used in camp plays. For Twilight Bar a small carousel was constructed.

For production, the art shop did a calendar to be sold on Festival. It is made of woodcuts and the pictures included dancers, horses, cows, and chickens.

Painting is also done in the shop, most of it with water colors. Some portraits are also done.

There was so much to do in the art shop this year that it was actually better than ever.

Janet Goldstein



At the notice of an art trip I am always ready to sign up. At the beginning of the summer the art staff planned to visit many places for painting or sketching with oils, water-colors or charcoal. For the first outing of the year, I went with my fellow dablers in water-colors to a spot outside of New Milford. It might have been called a broken down carnival site. My first thought was that there wouldn't be many good subjects to paint, but then my eye caught the background scenery, powerful mountains and graceful trees perfect subjects to paint.

Among the other sites visited was Sguantz Pond but the artists of Buck's Rock were rained out. Two trips were taken to the scenic Chicken Hill, where along with watercolors, food was taken. Outings were also planned to Kent Falls and Housetonic Meadow Lands the gaiety and color of a carnival were present at the Bridgewater Fair.

Seeing this scenery reminded me that the art shop counselors often say that painting is a matter of ~~seeing~~ things as they really are and then putting them down.

Jane Steele

Illustrated by Jolly Houben



"I made a woodcut"

AND CALENDARS WERE MADE OUT OF THEM

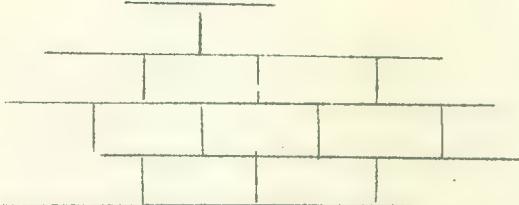
woodcuts above were designed by carol ross, karen steinberg, barbara
milman, jeann zertin, elle larsen

I worked on the Construction Crew for the first time entirely out of curiosity.

My first day I helped to put up cement block. They are probably the worst ones in the whole building. The technique involved sounds rather simple. First, you put wet mortar on top of previous blocks. Then you lift a 40 pound block into place, level it, and scrape off the excess mortar. The first block I broke and the second I leveled incorrectly. However, I learn like all beginners I'm told, and now I have no trouble building a wall of concrete blocks.

CONSTRUCTION

with BOB BENSON
JESS ADLER
PETE COHEN
STEVE GOLDSTEIN
ELIOT LERMAN
RICHARD ROSENOW
BERNARD ZUCKER

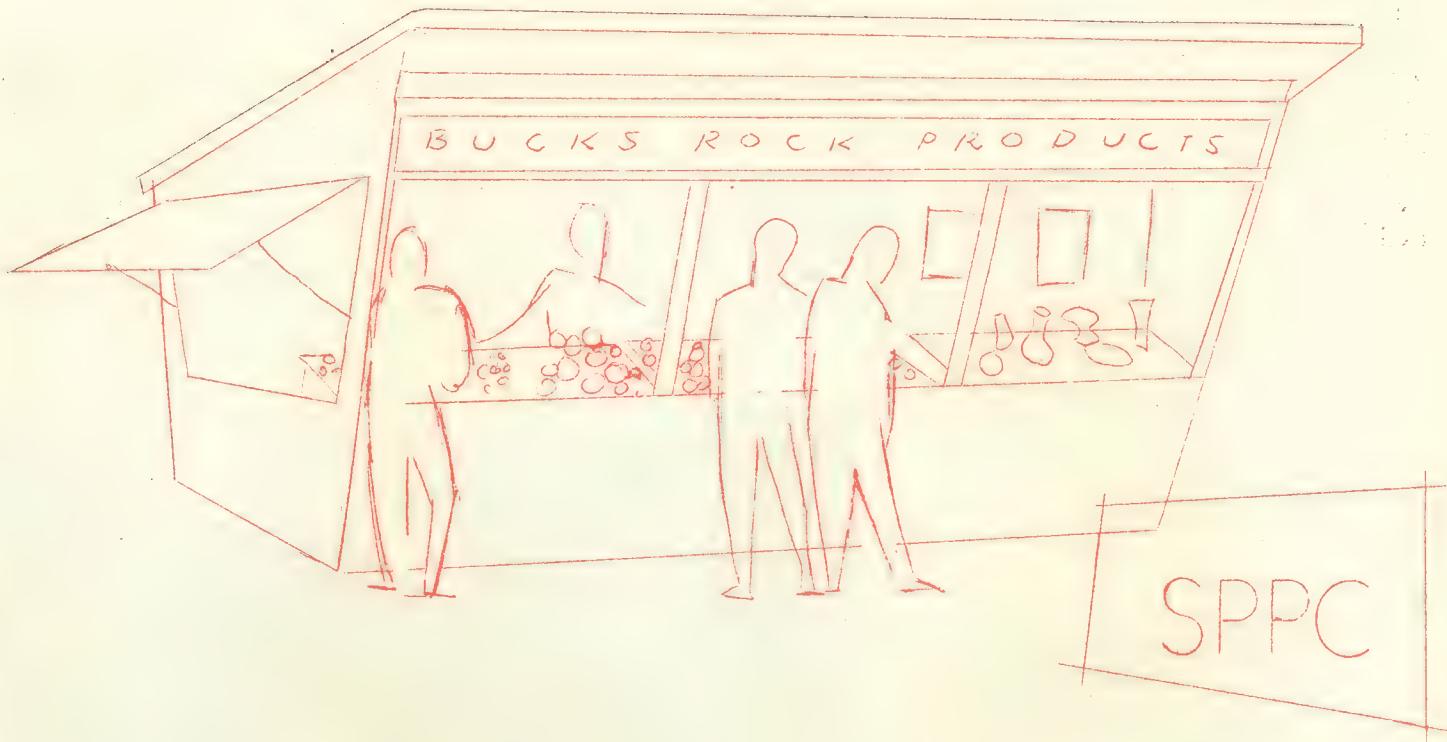


When I finish each day, I am so exhausted, that I stagger to my bunk for a long rest. Why do I return to the crew where the work is dirtiest and the hardest. The answer is multifold.

The Construction Crew has several great advantages over the rest of the camp's activities. Firstly is the feeling of belonging, which is overpowering. The regular crew, about a dozen of us, appear day after day to work till the wash-up and snack gongs. Another emotion I experience on the crew, perhaps even more important, is the personal feeling of achievement. To be able to point out a wall to my parents and friends and say, "I put it up", carries an emotion which cannot be duplicated. We on the Construction Crew feel that we are putting up a building which is really valuable. I am not wasting my time on a toy, I am helping to build a useful monument that will last a generation.

My time on the Construction Crew is not entirely spent working. We played baseball with the varsity and, at the end of the summer we took a trip to an abandoned mine. Another attraction was our helmets. Originally 4 colors were to be ordered. White for counselors, blue for J C's, red for C I T's, and yellow for campers. Unfortunately the manufacturer had only a few white helmets and no red or blue ones. Therefore the counselors and J C's got white helmets and everyone else got yellow ones.

Edward Greer



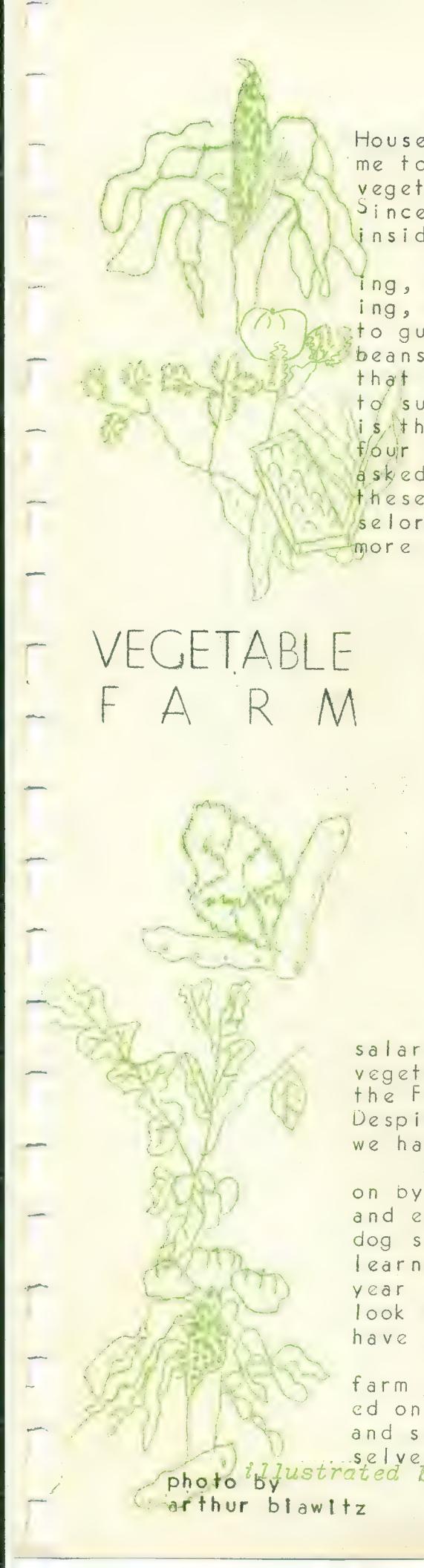
Being elected to represent my shop, I took a seat on the Ceramic shop porch. I waited impatiently for the opening of the first Shop Production Planning Committee meeting of 1957, since at this point I had no idea of my responsibilities as a delegate. Harry Allan, the first chairman, called the meeting to order.

After attendance was taken by the secretary all the délégués were found to be present, and I learned that my fellow delegates and I were to be held fully responsible for the articles to be sold on the selling stand. I had seen the beautiful articles sold on the stand and I hoped at the first meeting this summer that my taste would be as good as my predecessors. This wish was partially satisfied as Harry, while reading the by-laws, interjected many indications of the taste patterns of previous years.

The first order of business was the presentation of articles for approval. I was surprised at the number of articles presented at such an early date. After much discussion, one article was passed, and two more rejected.

I found that at the SPPC, as well as at any Buck's Rock activity, I could take an active part as an individual. I found at the end of the summer that I had accomplished what I had expected on the committee. I also felt that I had learned something of democratic procedure and simple economics.

Dan Kantor and Sonny Marks



As I walked down the famous dirt road toward the Farm House, the frantic dying screams of "water break" brought me to an abrupt halt. To my amazement I had discovered the vegetable farm lurking behind the numerous trees and bushes. Since my curiosity got the better of me, I decided to step inside and explore this place to its fullest extent.

There were boys and girls there; my own friends, weeding, hoeing, planting, thinning, succering, picking, spraying, and caring for the many different vegetables. I tried to guess which plants were radishes, potatoes, cucumbers, beans, scallions, or parsley. Through experience I learned that peas are the most beautiful, corn is the most likely to succeed, onions are the best dressed, and the Lief Weed is the most versatile. Scarcely had I looked around when four people darted over to me, threw a book in my face, and asked me if I wanted to sign in. Later I found out that these were CIT Ruth Goldstein, assisted by her three counselors, Bernie Lief, Peter Euben, and Danny Wile. Wow, the more hours I get the more money I'll be able to earn! Our

VEGETABLE FARM



salaries come from the profits we make by the selling of vegetables, French fries, and hot buttered corn (thanks to the French chef) to campers, visitors, and the kitchen. Despite the drought which hit most of the U.S. this summer, we have been pretty successful.

So there you could find me almost every morning, urged on by the hope that I might be the one to beat Roy Harris and earn more than his 100-plus hours. Danny Wile's shaggy dog stories went on and on as I weeded and weeded. I learned while talking and working that this is the first year that we have planted watermelons, which, by the way, look as though they will be ready some time in October. We have also planted the second shift of corn by ourselves.

Festival marks the climax of the farm's season. The farm counselors plan to put everything edible we have raised on the stand for this final sale, as well as ice cream and soda which so far we have not been able to grow ourselves.

photo illustrated by felice elias
by arthur blawitz

Janet Blank



RBR

Spending a good portion of my time on the "Running Buck Ranch" I can truly tell you that this year has been one of the best. This season the Ranch boasts 146 animals, 1 Judy Johnson, and 5 CITs (of the Angrist, Danzig, Ganzglass, Jamopler and Koshetz variety.)

The first big event of the summer for the Ranch took place during pre-season. After the Ranch was sufficiently cleaned up the two big trucks were loaded with pre-season campers and we set off on an animal buying spree. Later that day we came back to camp with one Mama goat and two kids (dubbed Lulu and Lolly by the process of a contest.) The next animals that arrived at our mighty Ranch were the chickens and one pregnant cow. It took two trips to the animal auction in Wessac, N.Y. to accomodate all the campers who wanted to go, but the final tally of animals bought was 10 pigs, 5 calves and 2 sheep. The second trip to the animal auction was delayed by the arrival of one of the most famous animals on the Ranch, Shé-Shé. On Tuesday the 16th of July both of the big trucks were loaded to go to the auction, (I was included in the mob) when Chuck Koshetz came running down from the Ranch to tell us that the calf was being born. It was as though someone had announced a gold mine because all the people poured out of the trucks and ran up to the Ranch. Mrs. Cow was calm when we arrived and at 1:20 Shé-Shé was born.

Since then we have added to our collection, so now we have 62 peeps (baby chickens) 49 hens, 13 ducks, 10 pigs, 6 calves, 3 goats, 2 sheep, and, last but not least, 1 cow, all totaling to 146 animals.

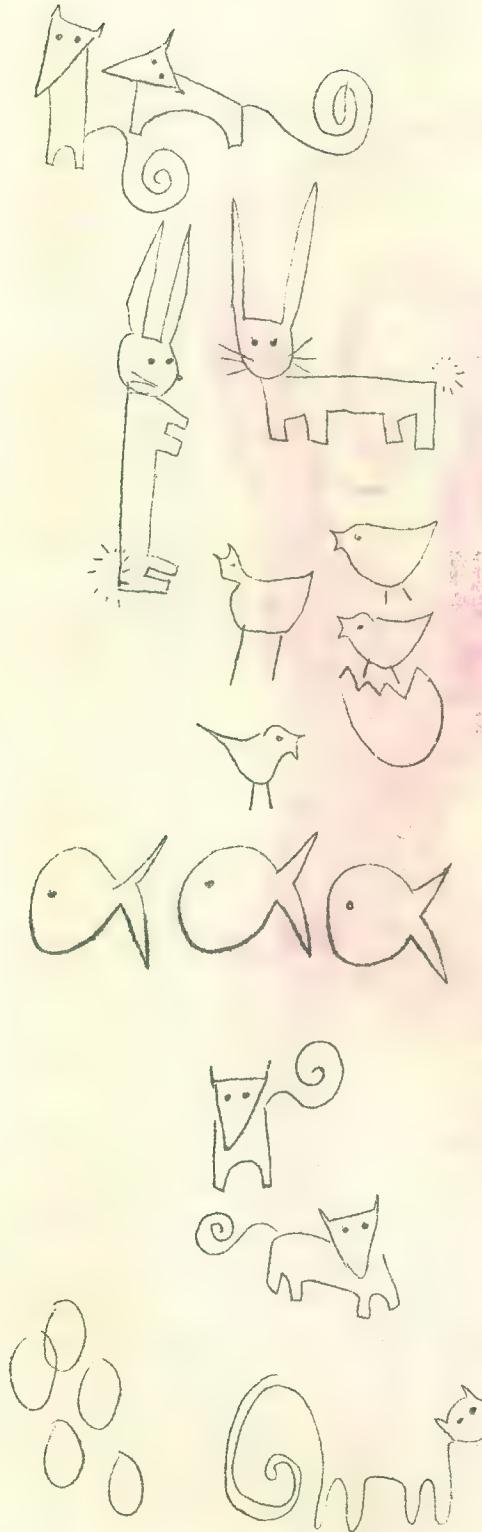
One of the first things I did on the Ranch was whitewashing. Everything has to be whitewashed and in the process several other persons and myself got whitewashed too. Then came the expansion of the manure pit. It seemed that the animals' output was greater than the space we had reserved for it, so the manure pit had to be enlarged. Another job was the digging of the garbage pit. When we got finished, it looked more like a grave about five feet deep and two feet wide.

The biggest and best project yet undertaken by the Ranch is the new pasture behind the chicken coop. This pasture is for the 6 calves and is bigger than any of our other five pastures. There was a variety of things to do on the pasture. I helped clear brush (the land was previously used as a dump), chop trees, build fences, move rocks and keep the baby goats out of the way. The end result is a pasture that any real farmer would envy.

Due to pig chases, cow milking, calf-feeding, flop shoveling and the unusual fact that the cow didn't run away this season at the Ranch has been the most enjoyable I have ever had.

Karen Ruth Steinberg

THE FARM LAB



Where in Buck's Rock would you see a sign, "Do not enter. Two rats loose," or campers sprawled out on the grass regarding and gently fingering a cow skull? While you ponder these strange remarks, let me give you some more clues. If I told you, for instance, that this is the only place in camp where you could see gorgeous hens with roosters' combs strutting around in a most masculine manner, you would probably say, "Why, this is the Animal Farm," and you would be wrong.

Now all you confused people who thought you were familiar with Buck's Rock, I shall give you a final hint. Where in camp would you be likely to see rabbits, chicks, and frogs swimming around (in formaldehyde)?

If by now you don't know to what place I am referring, you should have spent more time at the Science Lab, where, under the direction of Mike Sobel and Sandy Jason, we observed many interesting things.

Perhaps I can refresh your memory by recalling an announcement that went something like this, "...A rabbit has died. Help us determine the cause of death. Come to the Science Lab this afternoon." I went to this dissection and strangely enough never found out why the animal died, but I did learn to trace the urinal-genital system. This dissection like many others on the circulatory system, digestive system, etc. was followed by a discussion of what we had seen.

One day we started out on an archaeological expedition which ended in the acquisition of several boxes of cow bones. These were sorted according to type and assembled to give campers an idea of the anatomical structure of the cow.

The rabbits, fish, hamsters, toads, and mice gave me and many more campers a chance to learn how to care for animals. I will always remember our many fishing trips and the discussions we had on evolution and classification. One of my happiest memories of Buck's Rock is of working and learning in the Science Lab.

Ellen Larsen



A

Announcements have just been read and as I rush to put my tray away, my bewilderment grows. Play rehearsal at the work gong, Madrigal group at the Katz Bowl at 9:45, and dance at ten a.m. and I must be at all three.

Perhaps these conflicting rehearsals have caused confusion, but the newly-gained knowledge and appreciation of these creative arts, compensate for it.

Les has often said, "It is not the words you're acting, but the emotion behind them." In order for me to express these emotions, I must understand the meaning of my lines. Les has helped me by showing how these situations have happened or could happen in the future. I have learned more than to portray a part, I have learned something about different people and aspects of life. I have also learned about the great differences in plays and movies and how music is often used to create a mood or certain type of atmosphere.

Music is also for everyone. It is written, played, sung, heard and danced. I have shared with others the experience of being one of the many voices, blended together in harmony in the chorus. I have stretched my fingers across the strings of a guitar while singing the songs of many peoples. I have often sat, listening and dreaming while the wavering sounds of music sweep over me. At times I have been spurred to move with the music and....

Dance is neither drama nor music, but a combination of both, being in between the two. To feel my body move and pull and stretch from almost every limb is an experience I shall never forget. Dance has given me a whole new awareness of how my body feels inwardly. In dance I can express an emotion from my toes to the tip of my head. Dance is not a thought, but a feeling and a movement through which I can show wind, rain, snow-- anything I want.

Announcements have just been read, and, as I rush to my rehearsals with an excited feeling, I know I am to gain another new experience.

"I'VE GOT A REHEARSAL!"

ORCHESTRA

"Let's have it quiet on the porch! How can we possibly have a rehearsal with all this noise!...That's better...Now, may I have an "A" from the clarinets..."

With that another Buck's rock orchestra rehearsal officially commenced. Reclining on chairs, music flying, instruments half out of cases, the Buck's Rock musicians demonstrated once again why the hair of our conductor, David Katz, is slowly but surely turning grey.

I had played in an orchestra before, but this was entirely different from anything I had experienced previously.



Even with my imagination working overtime I couldn't see this motley crew of winds, strings, percussion, plus accordion and sousaphone, actually producing music,

But enough of this—David Katz has raised his baton. Is that "Danube Waves" that I hear? Why it's remarkable! It really sounds good.

I raised my flute to my lips and added my small contribution to the familiar melody. From that moment on I was no longer an outsider...I was truly a member of the Buck's Rock orchestra. And took a certain pride in the unlikely combination of instruments and instrumentalists that somehow always managed to rise to the occasion.

photo by robert martin

Amy Dancis

CHORUS

"Full Chorus!!" Ernie announced at lunch. This meant I would be on the Social Hall Porch after snack with all the other members (sopranos, altos, tenors, bases and miscellaneous.)

Under the direction of Dave Katz, the chorus warmed up with scales, AAAAA's and aaaaa's and then started rehearsing songs for the radio broadcast and various concerts. Naturally this was proceeded by the warning. Only three more rehearsals until---

Among our songs were Here's to the Couple, Madame Jeanette and Ain't-A That Good News. I seemed to be the only alto singing alto. Of the rest, half were purposefully helping the tenors, the others were decidedly supporting the sopranos.



Anna Anton ~~playe~~ our accompaniment on the piano and without this help I could not have stayed very much in tune with the rest of the chorus.

Dave threatened that punishment for chorus members talking not singing would have to stand up and sing alone. As soon as I heard this, I knew Dave would have no trouble with me.

Chorus was hard work but it was really worth every bit of it. When we finished singing a song, putting all four parts together, and received Dave's approval, I was proud to be a member of the Buck's Rock.chorus.

Janet Luss and Janet Goldstein

photo by brett heiss

CHAMBER ENSEMBLES

My introduction to chamber ensembles proved to be somewhat a headache, not caused, as one might imagine, by wrong notes, but rather by a conflict of schedule. My problem, simply stated, was: How can I play in the woodwind quintet and accompany the string ensemble at the same time?

How I solved this particular problem is, to my mind, irrelevant. Let it suffice to say, I somehow managed to attend both rehearsals and have been attending rehearsals ever since.

From what I can recall of our first rehearsals, they consisted mainly of noise, confusion, and little actual playing. By the third rehearsal, both in the string and woodwind groups, we began to develop a closeness; a unity of spirit that became evident both in our playing and in the sense of accomplishment which our playing caused each of us to feel.

From rough, unpolished raw material, a beautiful, finished piece was gradually emerging.

Amy Dancis

MADRIGAL GROUP

I got the thrill of my life when we sounded the first chord of "Tantum Ergo." I thought it was great--at least for a beginning. Dave stopped us and suggested some fine points, gave us the down beat, and we were off!

Madrigals are songs that were written in the 16th century for four part harmony. Usually quite short, they are sung by a small chorus. It's a lot of fun singing with the Madrigal group because we can work faster and do more complex pieces. These are the advantages of our particular group because the singers are especially interested and more advanced. One characteristic, rare in larger amateur groups, is our expression of sensitivity while singing. Instead of spending our time concentrating on intonation we have spent more time developing quality and feeling.

The Madrigal group opened the broadcast on WLAD with "We Come From the City"--which is not a Madrigal, but a very lively and rhythmic tune. We sang "Tantum Ergo," a beautiful, harmonious piece, and "Now Is the Month of Maying," a bright and well-known Madrigal, at Festival which ended a very enjoyable season.

Ava Bry

SPECIAL MUSICAL EVENTS



MERRYALL CONCERT

CHAMBER MUSIC NIGHT

CAROL BRICE, GUEST CONTRALTO

WEAVERS CONCERT

RECORDER CONSORT WITH HARPSICHORD
AND PERCUSSION

FRANTZ CASSEUS, GUEST GUITARIST

ON THE GREEN -- OUR OWN ORCHESTRA,
CHORUS, FOLKSINGERS

REMOTE BROADCAST OVER WLAD -- OUR
OWN ORCHESTRA, CHORUS, FOLKSINGERS

TANGLEWOOD -- BEETHOVEN'S NINTH
SYMPHONY

RICHARD BOOTH, ORGANIST, IN NEW MILFORD

BRIDGEWATER FAIR -- OUR OWN ORCHESTRA,
CHORUS, FOLKSINGERS

FESTIVAL -- PERFORMANCES BY ORCHESTRA,
CHORUS, FOLKSINGERS

photo by charles braun

And I have a song to sing--the song of many peoples. Folk music has always played a large part in the lives of the people on every corner of the earth. Perhaps the cave man's shout started it. Going from cave to cave his call was passed on, being changed with each new cave family.

In the times of the Middle Ages, medieval ballads passed on from one wandering minstrel to another. Years went on and the European continent grew and songs were passed by word of mouth throughout the large land.

When the immigrants migrated to America, their songs became varied because they were sung by so many different nationalities, and thus became some of our traditional folk songs. It is very interesting to know that while these songs were being sung from one group to another, words were forgotten and in their place was put jibberish such as "wack-foldi radio" for "hey my rinkum, a diddle lolly day."

I have learned a lot about different peoples by singing the many songs that we sing here at camp. Through the African chants I have more of a knowledge of the natives different rituals like hunting and weddings. Through the different English, Scottish, Irish and old American folk songs, I now have more of an insight in the work they did, and the little villages they lived in. It is fun for me to sing the little ditties or

FOLKSINGING



humorous songs that the people have made up about actual incidents, and dance to the fast nonsensical hoedowns that are also used in our square-dancing. The songs of the chain-gangs have made me more familiar with the hard working men whose lives have been led astray.

Sometimes songs grow from folktales told around the country or sometimes tales develop from songs. I remember the many nights that I sat around with my friends telling scary and mysterious folktales and ones of love and sorrow. Sometimes we came across a tale that also had a relating song. Then we sang the song.

When the thoughts of the people were suppressed at different times in history, and they couldn't print certain papers or say what they thought, they sang what they felt.

Folk music is not only songs to sing, but instruments to strum. Many people have learned to play the guitar at the classes given by Barry Kornfeld, Judy Lober, and Winnie Winston. We have learned most of the 155 songs published in our big song book and accompany ourselves as well.

I shall never forget the folktales I've heard and the songs I've learned at our folksings, on the Social Hall porch, under the oak tree, or after the picnic suppers out in the grove, and really anywhere in camp.

Judy Krasnow



photo by david allan

THE DANCE

"Movement and gesture are the oldest languages known to man."

Doris Humphrey

In the modern dance classes at Buck's Rock, we have explored movement and discovered some of the inherent possibilities of gesture--the most basic elements of dance.

The technique classes taught by Toby Glanternik, have been devoted to training our instruments, ourselves, so that we may more competently express and communicate our ideas in performance.

Any dance student, anywhere, could have written those last thoughts, as they are universal ideas expressed by all dancers, everywhere. However, Buck's Rock is a very unique institution and has therefore had dance experiences which are equally unique!

There have been many unusual aspects of dance this summer at Buck's Rock. One of the most significant has been the Construction Crew. Armed with long underwear, boots, and work gloves, they descended upon an unsuspecting dance class one afternoon. The sheer poetry and beauty of the scene so moved the dance JC, Carol Hoffman, that she ran screaming from the room.

Another unusual element in this summer's dance program was the trio of Levy, Kornfeld, and Wile, who were the first boys to seriously set their graceful feet over the threshold of modern dance classes at Buck's Rock. Mr. Levy elicits special praise for his conspicuous bravery in performing on Dance Night.

Although unusual experiences and fun are not the only facets to be looked and hoped for in a summer of dance, Buck's Rock has had its fill of both this summer:

Rima Berg and Karen Kissin

PHOTO BY BOB MARTIN



photo by ~~nick~~ traum

STAGE SETS

As an actor in a play, I looked at the production purely from a dramatic point of view. At one of the last daytime rehearsals, I noticed that the play, although well acted, lacked something. I soon learned that many hours had been spent by the set design, costume, and electronic departments to produce the effect that was lacking, to create a finished performance.

Behind the final "Sets designed and executed by Phoebe and Jack Sonnenberg" printed on the program, are many hours of work and cooperation.

Jack and Phoebe first have to read the play in order to get ideas such as the breakable chairs and pottery in the "Marriage Proposal". Then they consult with Les about details. Using data such as stage dimensions, Les's specifications, the necessity for the sets to be transportable and some, re-usable, Phoebe makes up the drawings or plans. Jack and Phoebe supervise the construction of the sets while campers help paint, nail, tape, and cut.



"...what beautiful sets, costume, lighting..."

The greatest problem in constructing the sets, Phoebe says, is to make them light and easy to disassemble, as there is no place to store them at the stage, and they have to be shifted back and forth.

Next on the program are the costumes of Sarah Allon. Sarah must also read the play for ideas, and then consult with Les. The most fascinating part in making costumes, Sarah maintains, is the designing and cutting of the pattern. She can use any materials, but enjoys working with cottons. The most time consuming part of creating costumes is the endless fitting and sewing.

No less important, are lights and sound controlled by Peter Yamin. These require separate rehearsals with Les. Cues for each are written down and Peter operates according to these.

When the lights first illuminate the finished product, we see the combined efforts of these departments. When put together, they present the mood and prepare the audience before the actors begin to speak.

MAIDA GORDON



As I walked down the path and saw the stage for the first time, it represented to me a strange magical world of which I hoped to become a part. Here I would have the chance to create a new person from within myself. I was standing on the threshold of a wonderful experience.

I sat down on the soft grass where others had already found seats. Many of my friends were there too and I was glad they were so near. As we listened, Les explained the plays and characters, giving us the general idea of the prevailing moods. I began to feel familiar with the play and my nervousness slowly receded. I saw myself in a part, saying the words and feeling the emotions which the author had created. How wonderful it would be to stand up there and act!

photo by arthur biawitz

The ceaseless waiting had begun. One by one people were called to read from the script. Over and over, again and again, the parts were read. Would my turn ever come?

My name was called. I took a script and walked to the stage. This was my chance. All the preparation, all the waiting for this moment. I read and sat down again. I felt the happiness of relief.

My first experience with the Buck's Rock Art Theater introduced me to the backstage of the drama world. In that world I learned to do new things and experienced new feelings. I saw the theater from various angles and gained something from each.

During the weeks of rehearsals I learned many things about writing plays, acting, theatrical life, and people in general. By working with Les Charlow, our director, I gained experience and self-confidence. I saw the hard work that goes into a production and I felt some of the heartbreak too. I joined in the laughter backstage and stood silently when we were being yelled at. I read my lines to unanswering trees and dug up my costume from almost forgotten resources. It was all very wonderful and exciting. When it was all over, after I had taken my last bow, I was left with a warm feeling of accomplishment.

Sue Feibusch

MARRIAGE PROPOSAL -- Anton Chekhov
a one-act farce in which a hy-
podondriac proposes to a holy terror

THE LOTTERY from a short story
by Shirley Jackson
An allegory with several inter-
pretations

TWILIGHT BAR -- Arthur Koestler
a play about happiness and oth-
er social problems

THIS YEAR'S PLAYS

DORA, THE BEAUTIFUL DISHWASHER, or
THE HEROINE WHO CLEANED UP -- Ned Albert
pure corn, presented by the CIT's

A SMALL MURDER -- Naomi Adelman
a one-acter about a rumor-monger,
by one of our CIT's

MY CLIENT CURLY -- Norman Corwin
a satire on show business promotion
in the form of a radio play

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT -- Jean Giradoux
four madwomen, who aren't really
so mad, save humanity

photo by david allan



CREATIVITY

What is it that makes the race of man completely different from all other forms of life, that sets him in a separate and special class in the cosmic inventory? Probably the most important difference is man's ability to create. When men eat, sleep, make love, fight or play, there is little to distinguish them, in essence, from the rest of the animal life on this globe, but when they create, they become the greatest miracle in a universe of miracles. The meaning and importance of creativity is worth considering, for it lies at the root of mankind's struggle for existence.

Artistic creativity implies the creation, not primarily of beauty, but of meaning. Generally speaking, one can find more and greater beauty in nature than in the work of the most ingenious human creator. A poem or painting

of a magnificent landscape would be unusual indeed if it was as beautiful as the landscape itself. But the creator does help us to understand and appreciate the beauty we see about us. An artistic creation is something that is not so much an imitation of nature as an explanation and epitomization. A creator is one who comprehends; he is sensitive to certain parts of his world and wants to ~~communicate~~ his discoveries. No matter what form his creation takes, it will express some aspect of man's lives and surroundings.

At Buck's Rock, we create- our sensibility is developed and we incarnate our ideas, impressions, and experiences in the various forms of expression we have available. In the chorus and orchestra we give depth to our emotions and thoughts in one of the purest art forms, music. In creative writing we explore and observe all that can be expressed by that profound means of artistic communication, the printed word. In the art, ceramic, and wood shops our creations train the eye to search for beauty and significance in life. In dance we express the rhythmic poetry of existence and the part which the human body plays in it; in the drama group we add the dynamic dimension of life to the printed literature, on the farms and in the construction crew we create scientifically rather than artistically, forming that which is intrinsically valuable, as opposed to the artistic creation, in which the value lies in its portrayal of existence. Each of us can find the form of creation, either artistic or scientific, through which he can best communicate, as determined by his inner nature.

At Buck's Rock, which Irwin Berger has said is probably the most creative teen-age camp in America, we recognize that in creation is realized the true dignity and greatness of mankind. Man's unique glory lies in his ever-expanding consciousness of his universe and the forces that drive it. Through creativity we try to attain high consciousness-consciousness of all there is. Though we are but beginners, embryos of our future selves, yet we may be proud that here, at Buck's Rock, alone or together, we are creators.

Michael Strong





“MY GAME IS IMPROVING!”

As a diversion from my creating in the shops, hard work on the farms, and gobbling down of food, I take time out for sports. My first week, however, I found myself quite out of practice. You could hear only a breeze as I swung with all my strength at a tetherball, baseball, or tennis ball. Now you can see me take a low, even, full swing at the tennis ball, with my side to the net, and watch the ball as it responds, sailing over the net!....the fence, and into the fencing field.

I improved. I wanted to improve, not for competitive reasons, but for my own satisfaction, and so the rewards were greater than those gained through competition. I enjoyed my progress because I was not forced into it, and I didn't want to be better than, or beat anyone else.

Competition, however, is unavoidable, and sometimes enjoyable. I could not think of non-competitive baseball or basketball. But team play is important, and competition, if it is not the main purpose of the game, is good. I compete through my own initiative to do so because nothing is compulsory at Buck's Rock. I get more pleasure from swimming because there is no compulsory general swim to which I must go. My freedom of choice in the great variety of sports at Buck's Rock is a unique opportunity, and I used it to the fullest throughout the summer.

SWIMMING



photo by simon aronson

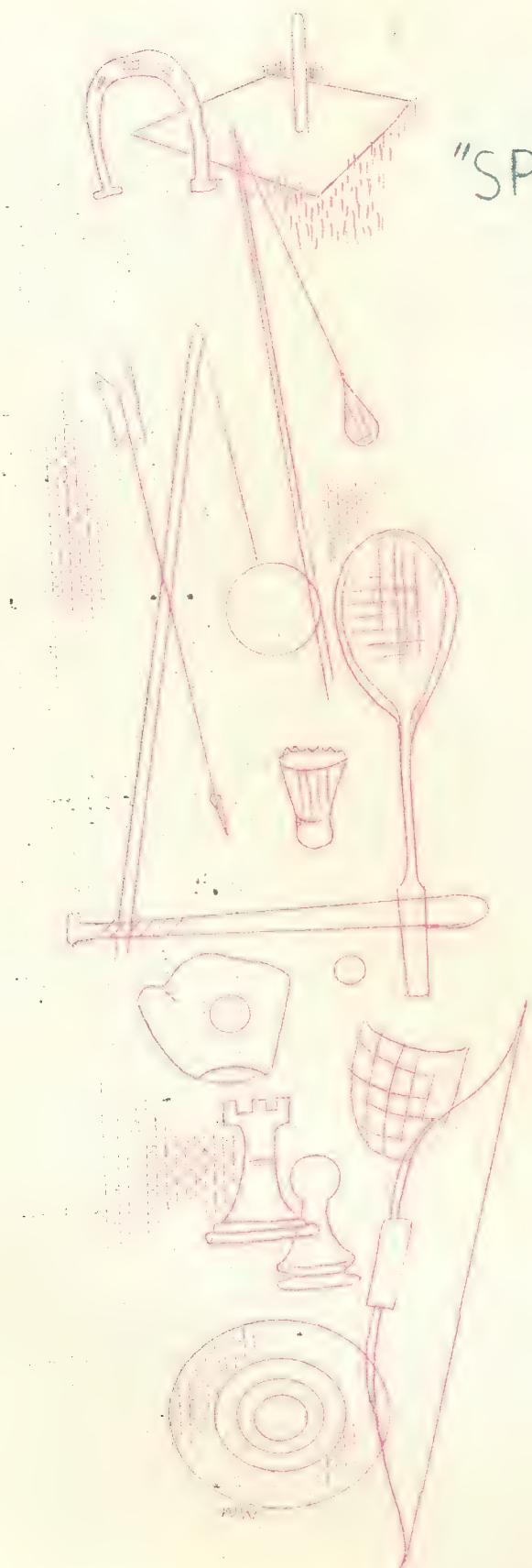
This summer I was able to get my exercise by a morning walk down our infamous swimming path. I prided myself on being fortunate enough to help teach the advanced swimming course at 9:30 a refreshing morning dip in the sparkling Buck's Rock water so soon after the ice had melted. After advanced swimming, Fergy and Ira, the two swimming counselors, and their CIT's, Janet Blank and myself, taught Senior Lifesaving. Here, I instructed campers how to save their own lives as well as the life of a drowning person.

In the afternoon at 2 p.m. sharp, when the signal was given, I watched the chaos as the campers decided which of the many water front facilities would be used by whom. This year for the first time there was canoeing every day. This proved very popular as everyone who passed his canoe test was allowed to paddle up stream, or into the irrigation canal, which became affectionately known as the "Swamp". Also at frequent intervals there was a call for water polo, an exhausting game, but one about which the participants are as enthusiastic as about any other sport in camp. At these times, I often leaped into the water from my post of watching the campers to join in the fun.

On Saturdays a stop-watch was brought down and everyone who wished to time himself for a certain event, was given a chance. Another popular activity was taking showers under the clear, sparkling water falls. There were also those who enjoyed swimming around and sun bathing on the raft.

To me the summer was highly satisfying and enjoyable since I did what I liked best, teaching and swimming, and at the same time, I was able to make use of the waterfront facilities.

Paul Ducker



"SPORTS NIGHT TONIGHT"

HORSE SHOE PITCHES
IN THE DITCHES . . .

AROUND THE POLE
GOES THE TETHER BALL
WE HAVE TWO
ONE BIG, ONE SMALL.

ON A BADMINTON COURT
THAT'S VERY PURTY,
WE PLAY WITH RACQUETS
AND A BIRDY.

UP AND OVER THE VOLLEYBALL GOES
ON NAPPING GIRL'S HOUSE GIRLS
THIS GAME M'KES GOES.

WATER MELONS ALL INLEAGUED
BASEBALLLERS PLAY UNFATIGUED,
HAMMERLOCKS, SCISSORS,
BEARHUGS,
WE'RE TRAINING TO
BE THUGS.

ROOKS AND PAWNS,
KINGS ARE CAPTURED,
KIBITZERS, ONLOOKERS,
ARE ENRAPTURED.

ARROWS AND BOWS
FINGERS AND TOES
WHEN WE AIM FOR THE GOLD
EVERYTHING GOES.

LOSING ARROWS ISN'T
ALL WE DO
WE CAN NEVER FIND
ING PONG BALLS EITHER.

RIFLERS MAY SHOOT AT WILL,
ONLY ONE COUNSELOR A DAY
MAY YOU KILL.

THE TRUCK RIDE DOWN
TO SWIMMING
FOR YOUR FIGURE MAY
BE SLIMMING
BUT I ENJOY THE WATER
MOST OF ALL
PRACTICING MY DIVES
AND CRAWL.

TENNIS BALLS,
RACQUETS, AND NET
ONE POINT MORE
AND YOU WIN THE SET.

I HOPE THAT WHEN
THE GAME IS DONE
THE COURT WILL BE FREE
FOR BASKETBALL FUN.
BASKETS, BASKETS,
BASKETS, BOYS,
BASKETS, BASKETS,
BASKETS, BASKETS.

MASKS AND FOILS,
THE FENCING FIELD BROILS
RETREAT, ADVANCE, RETREAT
LIGHT AND NIMBLE ON THE FEET.

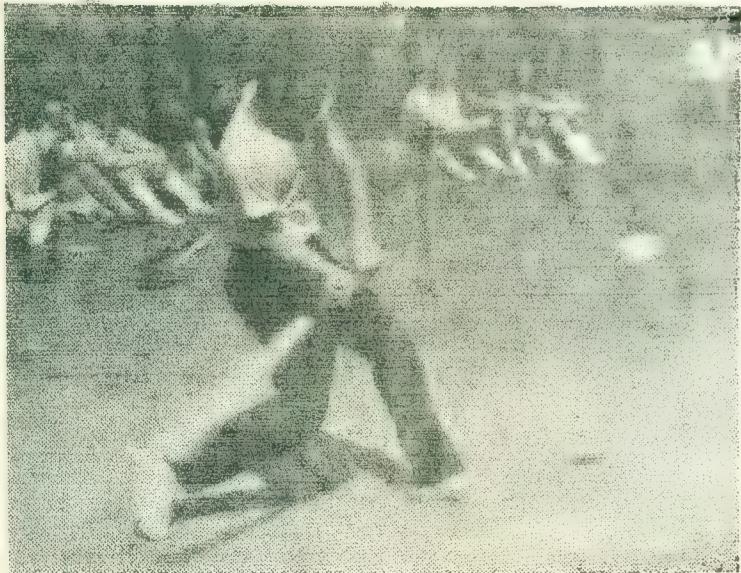
POSTING AND CANTERING,
GALLOPIN', Trottin'.
WHEN I RIDE,
MY REAR IS NOT FORGOTTEN.

COMPETITION'S NOT OUR AIM
WHEN WE PLAY
IT'S FOR THE GAME!

Phyllis Roberts and Candy Bliss

This year at Buck's Rock I think that softball has gained in popularity. As I look back on those wonderful games that I played in the Watermelon League, I can not get rid of the feeling that they should be played again with nothing changed, not even the score. Maybe this is because by mid-season my team (team one) was in first place. I think that this wonderful league with Steve Silver in charge taught me something more than knowledge of the game. It gave me the will to win and taught me how to get along with other teammates. That is why I want to relive my experiences.

I can not forget the girls varsity either. Although it was not the best team in the world, it



BASEBALL

gave many girls the opportunity to play soft ball and many of us the opportunity to laugh.

This year I am proud to say that I was a member of the softball varsity. Although after three games the record of the team was one win and two losses, it still was fun playing.

The coaches this year were Sheldon Maskin and Steve Silver. I remember those practice sessions and how happy I felt after we had beaten a New Milford team 11-6. It was more of a thrill to learn that this team had not been beaten by a Buck's Rock team in two years.

Softball is a game of skill, and I think that those who wish to play it will have as much enjoyment playing it as I had telling about it.

Peter Rosenow

photo by bob martin

Since I own a horse and have her here with me I am in a different situation from the other campers. Having Duchess here with me has given me the opportunity to ride her with all groups.

Harry Notowitz, our counselor, is a patient teacher. He makes each class interesting by using cavalry movements and various exercises in addition to practice in the 3 gaits; walk, trot, and canter. Because of the interesting manner in which the classes are run, I as an advanced rider, have enjoyed riding with beginners and intermediates as well as with the more skilled riders.

photo by charles braun

HORSEBACK RIDING



In the beginning we walked with our horses while Harry rode up to each of us in turn with instructions and encouragement. In the intermediate stages we did such things as trotting without stirrups for balance. The advanced classes practiced figure eights, cavalry movements, exercises, and the three gaits. I practiced jumps occasionally in the evenings or between classes.

Thanks to our able riding staff: Harry, Hedy Harris, and Elena Ogus. I have learned much about horses that I never knew before. All three have been ready and willing to help the campers learn to care for the horses.

All in all, I have enjoyed my riding this summer, and I feel safe to say that all Buck's Rock riders did likewise.

Bobbie Dancis

TRIPS OUT OF CAMP



At Buck's Rock there are trips. There is a trip to the animal auction where you almost always come back with a calf or pig sitting on your lap. There are outings for the day where you might go to a state park or even a uranium mine. Also there are trips to plays and concerts, including the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, the concert by the Weavers at the Berkshire Music Barn, and the Music Festival at Tanglewood.

The trip that I think is the most fun is an overnight. On an overnight you cook your own meals and you sleep in the great outdoors. During the day you can usually go swimming and you can go climbing and exploring.

The high point of a trip is the truck ride. As you go whizzing along, you think you are going much faster than you really are. As you sit crowded together, being bumped around, you look at the beautiful scenery.

Although Buck's Rock is a creative work camp, it is fun to stop producing once in a while and go on a trip, especially since it is so healthful, cultural, and adventurous, and it gets you acquainted with a beautiful part of America.

photo by alan saltzman

Kenneth Ducker





THINK

I WILL

GO //

Y

es, I'm quite sure I will, only where? I'd love listening to show music at the Katz Bowl, but how I adore folksinging! Why must they be at the same time? I go mad evenings running from one activity to another, and it does get quite tiring.

I want very much to go to Tanglewood, the Weavers Concert, the Shakespeare Festival and the canoe trips, but I am quite sure my account will be over-drawn, if I attend all. However, I think I will go---not risk missing any of them. I'll write for more money.

I do hope it doesn't rain on the overnight! It won't be too pleasant if it does. I can think of nicer things to do than sleep in a soggy bed.

Oh, so much to do, so much to do and so little time to do it in.

STRATFORD



"Hurry up! Let's make that bus!" This was the scene at Buck's Rock on Wednesday, July 24 as 169 campers and thirteen counselors mounted the four buses, and alas, the big blue truck, bound for the American Shakespere Festival at Stratford.

At last the long-awaited day had arrived. But what was this - why hadn't we started yet? It was one o'clock and I had been waiting restlessly to start since 12:30! Could this be a recurrence of last year's trip when one of the buses had broken down?

At last I breathed a sigh of relief--We were off! Plenty of singing, through the whole trip made the hour's ride seem like minutes.

Upon our arrival I rushed into the lobby of the theatre and joined a wild crowd around Ernst - who was distributing the precious tickets, and a few unfortunates had to stand!

Finally the curtain rose and "The Merchant of Venice" began. It was a very impressive production which was heightened by terrific scenery. The scenery was best in the scene depicting Portia's house where it excellently portrayed the lush magnificence of wealth. The cast did a wonderful job in illuminating Shakespere's characters. I felt that Morris Carnovsky did a particularly good portrayal of Shylock. On the other hand, Katherine Hepburn didn't act the part of "Portia" as I had imagined her. Because of discussions which had been held before, most of us understood it and consequently enjoyed it immensely.

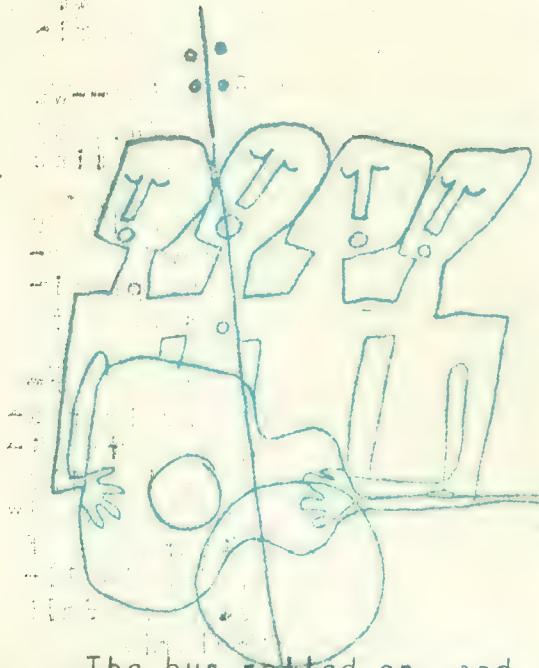
After the play we had a picnic supper of fried chicken and all the trimmings (including gnats) surrounding the theatre.

When we had gorged ourselves sufficiently we boarded the buses and began our homeward journey. On this trip the noise was subdued to low talking. We arrived at camp at 8:30, just in time for the good-night gong!

The next day a discussion of the play was held. I found that although the campers had been very impressed and thrilled, with the production, the possible anti-Semitic element in the play had left some viewers with a depressed and bitter feeling. Despite this, I am sure that all those who went, will remember the impact of the play and the wonderful time they had, for years to come.

Diane Stoler

THE WEAVERS



The bus rattled on, and with it, cooling air of evening. We were peaceful, fully tired out from a long day's outing, then into the solitude floated a low rumbling and the smell of smoke. The bus began to go very slowly and I was getting a little worried. The emergency brake was burning and the bus was ready at any time to roll down the hill we were on. So there we sat, thirty frightened, frustrated kids on the roadside, forty miles from nowhere, singing folk songs. After about a half hour of this, a car passed by and called camp for us. We waited patiently and finally Dutch arrived with the big blue. The wind blew fiercely and we huddled together to keep warm. On and on we rode and it seemed to me that we'd never reach camp. Then there it was. How wonderful it was to be back again! The ladder was lowered and down stepped thirty tired campers, two CIT's, and one counselor who trudged to bed, still humming the songs the Weavers had sung.

Patiently I waited with my friends the arrival of the fifth bus. When it finally came, we all entered and prepared for the long but comfortable ride to "The Weavers." It was very humid out and while the bus stood still the air was stifling, for there was no cooling breeze to be felt. I sat, with seven others in a back seat which should have held five, and I sweated.

Finally the motor started and we left camp behind in a grey cloud of dust, as the bus shot forth on the open road. After two hours of riding, and singing to Winnie's guitar, until my throat ached, we arrived at our destination, the Berkshire Music Barn in Lenox, Mass.

I thought my seat was quite good—ninth row left orchestra, sounds reasonable enough. The usher led me through the roaring crowds, But I didn't mind the shoving and pushing until I realized where my seat was. I was pushed to the extreme left of the stage in the very last row. Quite discontented I sat there pouting for some time till at last the great moment came. The lights blazed on and the Weavers, consisting of Lee Hays, Fred Hellerman, Ronnie Gilbert, and Pete Seeger appeared. They sang some favorites and introduced new ones to me. Their numbers included harmonies of Lonesome Traveler, Greensleeves, Home in that Rock, and Whimoweh. They sang humorous songs, ballads, spirituals, and cold weather epics intended to stay the heat, to the accompaniment of a banjo, a twelve string guitar, and a recorder. The concert was a wonderful experience for all those who attended it.

Upon its ending I fled to the bus so that I could get a good seat. But fifteen minutes later we stopped to eat at a picnic ground and my luxurious seat was mine only for that short time. When I returned to the bus after stuffing myself with cold chicken, potato chips, doughnuts, plums, and bug juice, I was forced to sit in the back again for the simple reason that there were no seats left.

as the sun lowered in the west, the dusk came and with it, cooling air of evening. We were peaceful, fully tired out from a long day's outing, then into the solitude floated a low rumbling and the smell of smoke. The bus began to go very slowly and I was getting a little worried. The emergency brake was burning and the bus was ready at any time to roll down the hill we were on. So there we sat, thirty frightened, frustrated kids on the roadside, forty miles from nowhere, singing folk songs. After about a half hour of this, a car passed by and called camp for us. We waited patiently and finally Dutch arrived with the big blue. The wind blew fiercely and we huddled together to keep warm. On and on we rode and it seemed to me that we'd never reach camp. Then there it was. How wonderful it was to be back again! The ladder was lowered and down stepped thirty tired campers, two CIT's, and one counselor who trudged to bed, still humming the songs the Weavers had sung.

Emily Weissler

TANGLEWOOD



We were filled with great excitement as we boarded the buses for Tanglewood on August 11th. After a two hour ride through various New England towns, we reached our destination.

Upon arrival, hungry campers satisfied their appetites with a picnic lunch. With time to spare we wandered around, gazing upon tall trees, green lawns, and cool water.

An ambitious group of Buck's Rockers started a lively folksing, which was later interrupted by an official who claimed that no instruments were allowed within the grounds. (How come the orchestra was allowed to perform?)

The bell rang and there was a scuffle of people finding their pieces. And were there people!! The second largest closing day crowd in Tanglewood's history covered every blade of grass with their food, blankets, and selves.

People who stood waiting in the long lines for ice cream, soda, postcards, and the bathroom facilities finally forgot their troubles and scurried along to listen to the music.

To start off the concert, Aaron Copeland's "The Quiet City" for strings, English horn, and trumpets was played. Following that most interesting piece, Beethoven's ninth symphony for orchestra and chorus was performed. We felt the orchestra and chorus did a magnificent job. The part that remained most vividly in our minds was the fourth movement where the chorus joined the orchestra.

After a most enjoyable day at Tanglewood, we were Buck's Rock bound.

Julie Eubank-Mimi Colub

SQUARE DANCE
MOVIES
FOLK SINGING
GUEST
SPORTS NIGHT
RECORDINGS
SHORTS

SPPC
READINGS
PLAYS
CONCERTS
DANCE NIGHT

CREATIVE WRITING
by judy schott

When the sun goes down and the first gong rings, follow the crowd to Buck's Rock's evening activities. There is such a variety--ranging from the rollicking square dances to the more subdued chamber music performances--that the choice of which activity to attend is difficult to make.

The evening program is planned by a committee of campers advised by Anna Anton, Jan Crisp and Ben Apfelbaum.

Square dances run by Barry at the tennis courts are held weekly. Campers as well as counselors enthusiastically participate in circle, square, and folk dances.

Sunday evenings are usually reserved for campfires where we begin with folk singing and later on listen to a thought-provoking story especially chosen and read by Ernie.

Movies are another eagerly anticipated event. Some of the ones we have already seen have been "Green Pastures," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Male Animal," "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and "Private's Progress."

The stage has been the setting for several fine plays, including The Lottery, The Marriage Proposal, Twilight Bar, the CITs' Dora, the Beautiful Dishwasher, Naomi Adelman's A Small Murder, and the much-anticipated Festival production of The Madwoman of Chaillot. Other entertainments at the stage were Dance Night, Talent Night, and "I've Got a Secret."

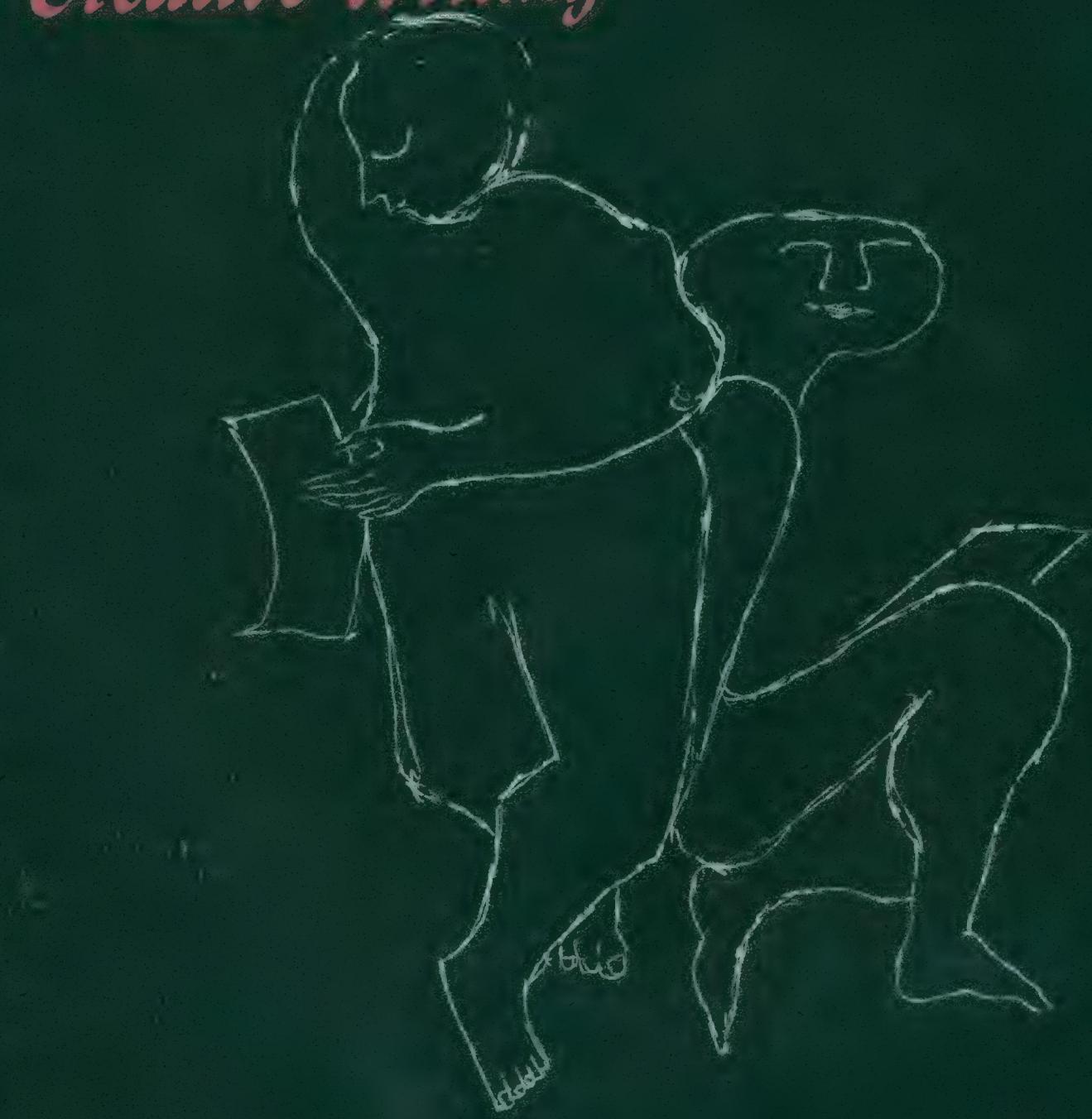
A huge folksing is an activity in which all enjoy participating, including the budding guitarists who eagerly join in with their newly learned chords.

On several occasions Buck's Rock has been honored by the presence of guest artists. We have been entertained by Alton Tobey, illustrator for the "Epic of Man" series in Life Magazine, who spoke on art; Happy Traum, a leading folk singer; another folk sing led by Mike Cohn from Camp Robinson Crusoe; and the reknowned contralto Carol Brice, who entertained us with her magnificent voice.

Before evening activity officially begins, there is usually a preliminary program. Ernie may conduct one of his psychology classes or there may be recorded music, athletic activities, or an SPPC meeting. Once a week, Irwin reads from the poetry of Poe, Dickinson, Whitman, Longfellow, Cummings, Eliot, or Milne, and discusses the works of these men with the large crowd that always gathers. At other times during the week, the Creative Writing Group meets at the Print Shop, on the campfire site, or in a grove to write the pieces which made up this summer's Midsummer Thoughts, and the Creative Writing section of this Yearbook.

As you can see from this list of activities, there is never a dull moment spent in the evening here at Buck's Rock.

Creative Writing



The creative writing in this section of the Yearbook was done at informal evening gatherings by a constantly changing group of campers, CIT's, and counselors.

These creators attempted to pursue their thoughts on paper, writing on a different suggested topic at each session. The pile of essays and verses grew and grew, and soon we had a large number of pieces discussing feelings and emotions, describing scenes and ideas, and running wild with original stories and fairy tales. On occasion we took our pencils to inspirational locations to write about observations of camp and life. After several writing sessions we would often read aloud the products of our inspiration to criticize and learn from them. With each evening's work, the writing improved.

The best of a half summer of creative writing was published in Midsummer Thoughts. Now we present some of the work done since then.



VIEW FROM A HILL

I lie on the topmost point of a hill. The grass tickles my legs and my back. How good it feels, and how sweet it smells. My eyes wonder, taking in the serene beauty about me, and my gaze fixes on the rolling countryside. How beautiful it is. The trees are all rugged and alive, standing so tall and straight. Their deep green colors form a silhouette on the pale blue sky. In contrast with these tones there are the lighter greens of the pasture land, where cows graze lazily in the sunshine. The rich browns of the tree trunks and the clear whites of the birches, mingle together harmoniously, casting a pleasing pattern for the eye to follow. Fields of wheat are scattered about, adding touches of golden yellow and coffee brown here and there. Houses are few and widely spread, their ruddy frames standing out as brilliantly as the sun on a clear summer's day. All is peaceful and it seems as though the countryside will retain this serenity forever.

Emily Weisler



drawn from life by Emily Finlay

EMOTION

I had an emotion the other day
Unforunately it got away
Pursued it did I for more than a day
I don't need it anyway.

Dan Wile

HEARTBREAK

Emotion is extremely personal, and people are different. I doubt that I can really say that a given emotion has certain characteristics that are true for all who experience it. But though men are isolated, yet they are linked, and so I may be understood when I tell what I have known of heart-break.

Often when we hear the work "heartbroken" in casual conversation, we tend to think that it indicates something poetic and gloriously tragic, like a noble suicide. But I think it really is closer to a profound crippling of hope and feeling. For what does it mean to be broken-hearted?....

I remember I had been walking for a long time, walking nowhere, for no reason. I sat down on a bench in the park and stared stupidly out at the scene. Numb, inert, I gazed and saw nothing but blankness, though the sun glowed gently and there were many trees about. A hollow shape, a drained vessel, I could not feel anything within me but a dull, blunted gnawing, grinding ceaselessly. I heard a few distant sparrows twitter, felt the harsh bench wood, saw the rutty earth under my feet, but I could know nothing, understand nothing but the dull gnawing that would not stop. That was my whole world. Everything else, no matter how blithe or beautiful, had no effect on me, unless it was to terrify me with its complete remoteness. I sat there in that lovely park for I don't know how many hours, staring emptily....

Yes, it passed, and this world was returned to me. A broken heart need not last a whole lifetime, but when it does, he who suffers from it knows it is not only sad, but devastating....

Mike Strong

There was a kingdom long ago
where everything rhymed and everyone sang.
Pleasures there were,
 but holy pleasures.
Sadness there was,
 but sweet sadness.
Gentleness there was.

A king and a queen in this kingdom lived.
Gentle and sweet, holy and pure.

Winnic the witch from the West watched
these two with her jealous green eyes.
"I'll have their happiness,"
 she screamed to the moon,
 she went to her pot,
 she mixed a strong brew.

A FAIRY TALE

She cast her spell,
 and places she switched
so that now she lived in the castle
so rich
and the king and the queen
in her poor shack
lived.
And ages she changed so that now
 she was young
while the king and the queen
were as old
as the sun.

The king cried loudly,
"where are my slippers?" for a servant
 had brought them every morning.
The queen looked around
 and didn't speak.

The queen saw that somehow their dwelling had changed,
 rose from her bed,
 and did what she could.
The king exclaimed for the fiftieth time,
"where are my slippers?"

The next day the queen,
in need of food,
started a
garden.
The king moaned
"where are my slippers?"

The queen cleaned the hut,
farmed the soil,
sang a song.
The king asked
quietly,
"where are my slippers?"

Dan Wiles

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

Well, sir, Jim, this here is the funniest thing that ever did happen. I was out walkin' down by Stony Creek, lookin' for a spot to do some fishin'. Well, sir, all of a sudden I sees this big buildin' kinda like a barn. So, since I ain't never seen this big buildin' before, I goes up to the door, and what's written on the door but, "School for the Blind." Well, sir! So I knocks and this one big tall guy lets me in, and I see inside a whole mess o' people sittin' in rows jest like a school, and they's all listenin' to this other guy up in front. But the funniest thing, Jim, was that none of 'em were blind! I could see, 'cause they was all lookin' at the guy in the front. So I asks the tall guy what let me in, who's the guy in front whose actin' like a teacher. And Jim, cross my heart, this tall guy says that he ain't one guy, but a whole mess of guys rolled into one. And when I asks him who, he says that he's Plate-o, and Aris-tottel, and Gandy, and more. I ain't never heard o' none of 'em! And so I asks what's he teachin' and the tall guy says, truth. That's all, jest truth. And then this meetin' breaks up and all the people walk out. And this is the funniest! Remember Sally, Joe's blind wife, when she got hit on the head with a rock and she could see again, remember, the expression on her face? Well, sir! Every one of them people looked jest that way! Even though they wasn't blind before, every one of 'em looked like they could see for the first time!

Robert Martin

sketches by judy goldstein



YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THE

BUCK'S
ROCK
WORK
CAMP

annual FESTIVAL

NEW MILFORD CONNECTICUT

SATURDAY AUGUST 24 FROM NOON TILL 11 P.M.

SUPPER WILL BE SERVED TO ALL OUR GUESTS AT 6 P.M.

- ✓ EXHIBITION AND SALE OF FARM AND SHOP PRODUCTS
- ✓ OUR OWN FARM ANIMALS WILL BE ON DISPLAY
- ✓ THERE WILL BE PERFORMANCES BY OUR OWN ORCHESTRA,
CHORUS, CHAMBER MUSIC ENSEMBLE, MADRIGAL GROUP
AND FOLKSINGERS
- ✓ YOU WILL SEE A DANCE RECITAL
- ✓ THERE WILL BE A FOLK AND SQUARE DANCE EXHIBITION
- ✓ YOU WILL SEE OUR FENCERS DEMONSTRATE THEIR SKILLS
- ✓ AT 8:30 PM THE BUCK'S ROCK ART THEATER WILL PRESENT
A TWO ACT PLAY "THE MAD WOMAN OF CHAILLOT" BY
JEAN GIRAUDOUX AT OUR STAGE

CAMPFIRE AND FOLKSING



WT

When I think of the fact that soon I will be leaving Buck's Rock, I feel that I am leaving a place that will always be a part of me.

Looking back on this summer, I remember first the people I met. We have enjoyed many wonderful and exciting experiences together. We have helped each other in many ways, and have been fitted by living with one another. The people I have met here will remain my friends for ever.

It is very difficult to itemize exactly what Buck's Rock has meant to me. There are so many intangibles at Buck's Rock which are hard for me to express in words. There is, for instance, the Buck's Rock spirit, something indefinable, wonderful and different every year. The Buck's Rock spirit is Buck's Rock; without it this camp could not exist.

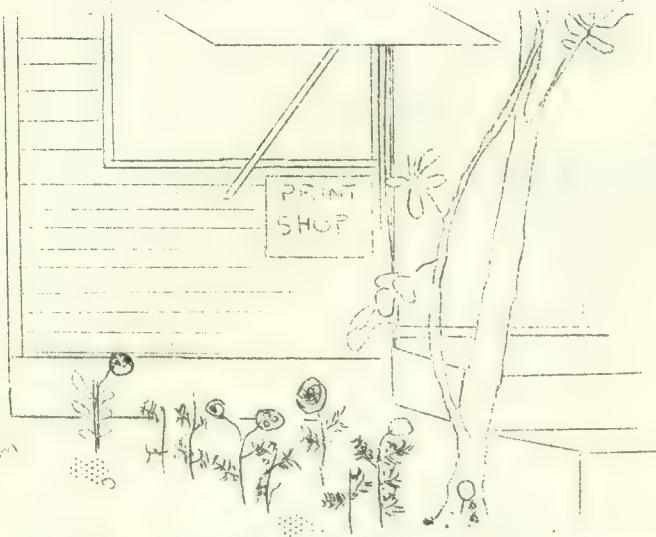
At this camp I have done so many challenging things which I could not possibly have done at any other camp or at home. I sometimes wonder what kind of a person I would be if I had not come to this camp. It has meant so much in my life.

When I think of this summer at Buck's Rock, I remember when I first came and thought, Buck's Rock is not what it used to be. But now I don't feel that way at all. I remember when Ernie held a meeting of the girls in the Annex and told us that spirit must be reborn and recreated each year by those who come to this camp. Now I realize that what he said is true.

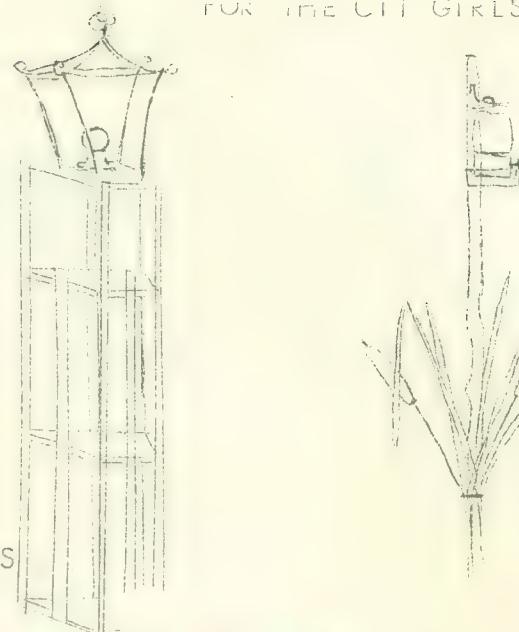
There are some still who are not quite sure how they feel about this camp. They, I think, will discover really how much they have gotten out of Buck's Rock when they get home and begin to miss the familiar faces, the activities those intangibles which I have mentioned. When they pick up the phone and call their camp friends and begin to realize that Buck's Rock is more than it outwardly appears to be, it is something that will last a lifetime for those who have experienced it.

WELL SEE YOU AT THE REUNION!!

FOR THE CITY GIRLS AT NIGHT



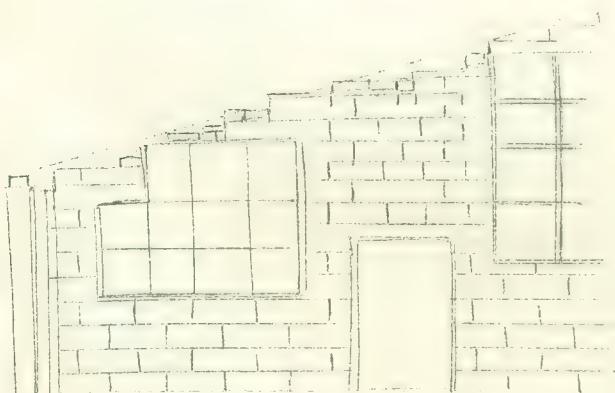
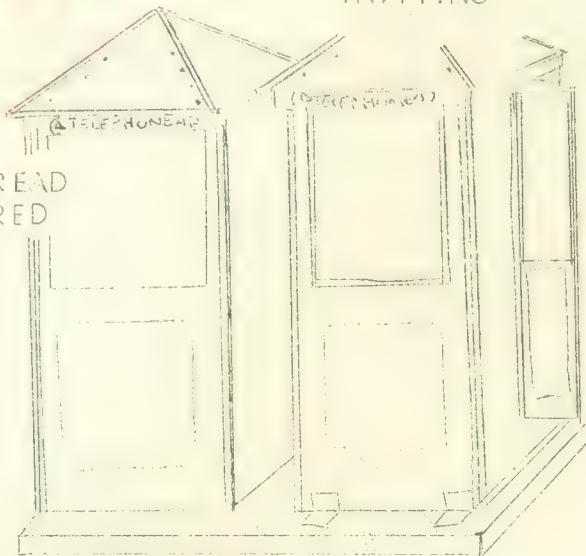
YELLOW BEAUTY FROM THE GROUND UNFOLDS
FROM THE PSEUDO-POETS MARIGOLDS



ALTHOUGH THIS LAMP GIVES SMALL
LIGHTING
THE INNEX BOYS HOPE THAT IT'S
INVITING

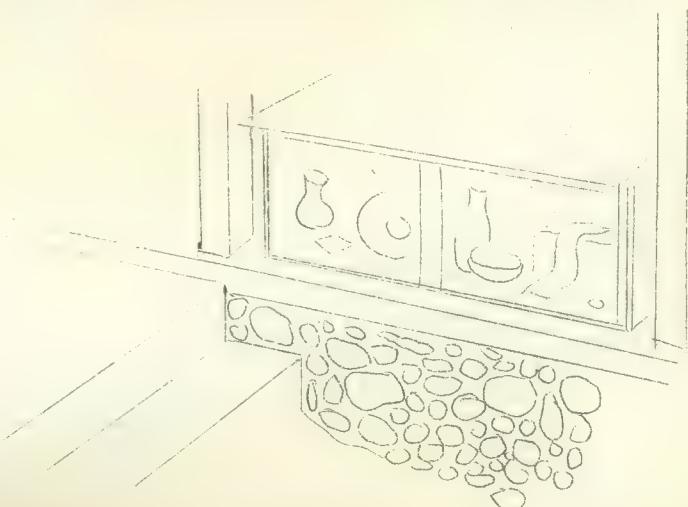
"I know where that is."

THESE ARE THE PHOTOS THAT PARENTS DREAD
SUSIE ONLY CALLS WHEN SHE'S IN THE RED



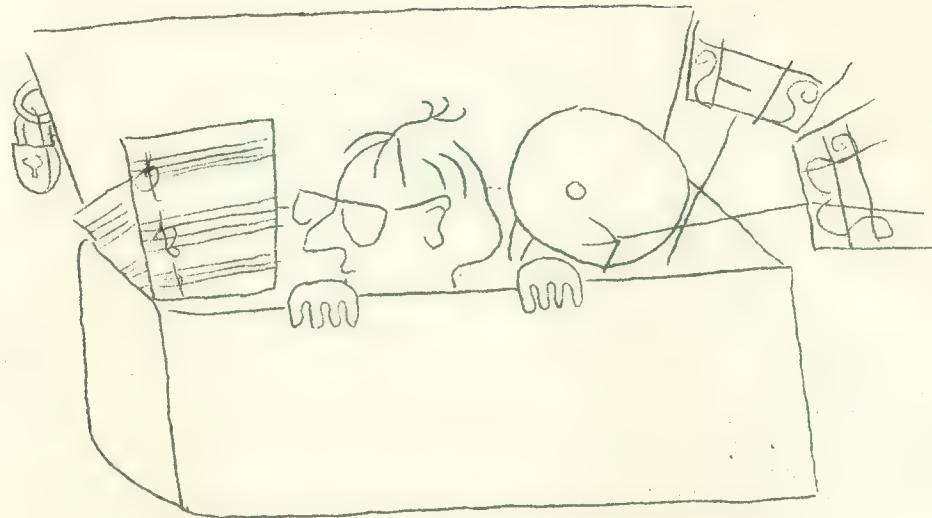
THE VISITORS CAN SEE HERE AS WELL
WHAT BUCK'S ROCK SHOPS HAVE TO SELL

limericks by johnny marks and staff



drawings by winnie winston

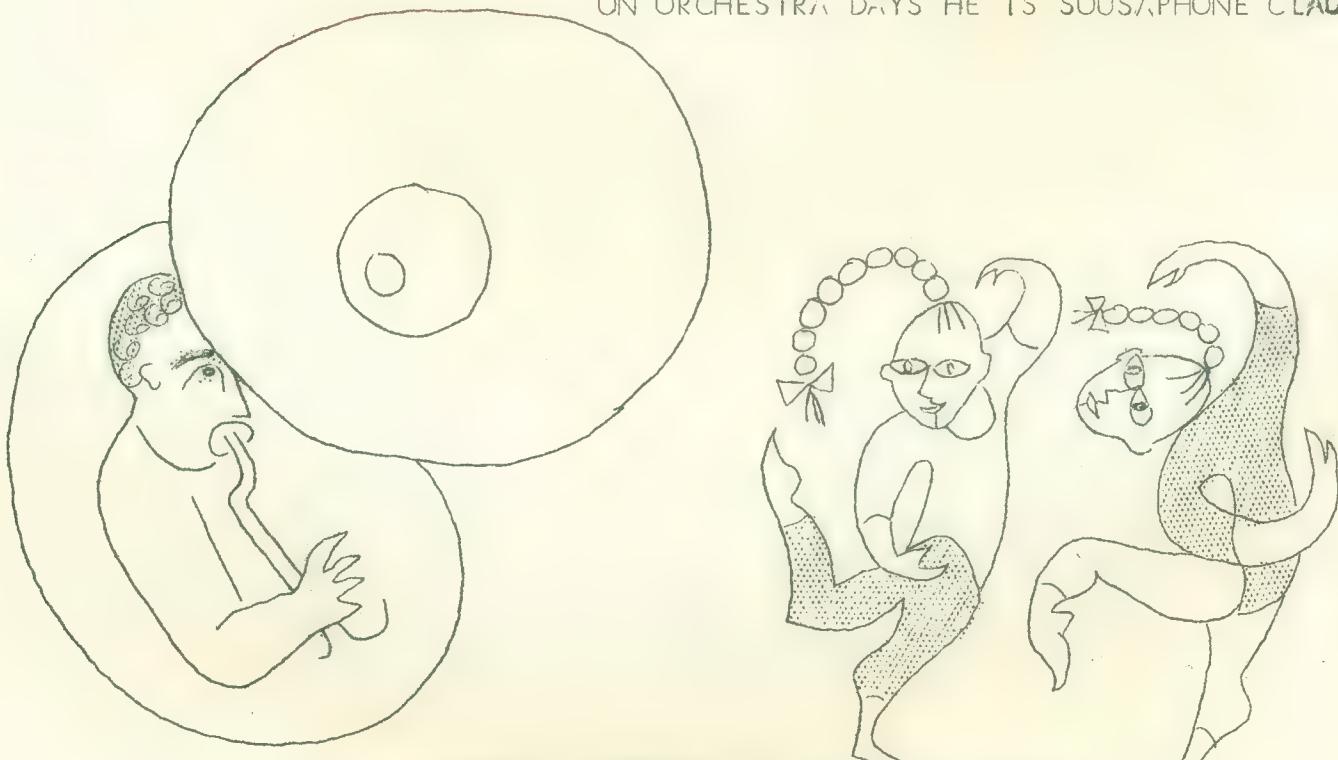
poems by jonny marks and staff



ON THE SOCIAL HALL PORCH IS A BOX QUITE WIDE
WITH TUBAS AND DRUMS CACHED INSIDE

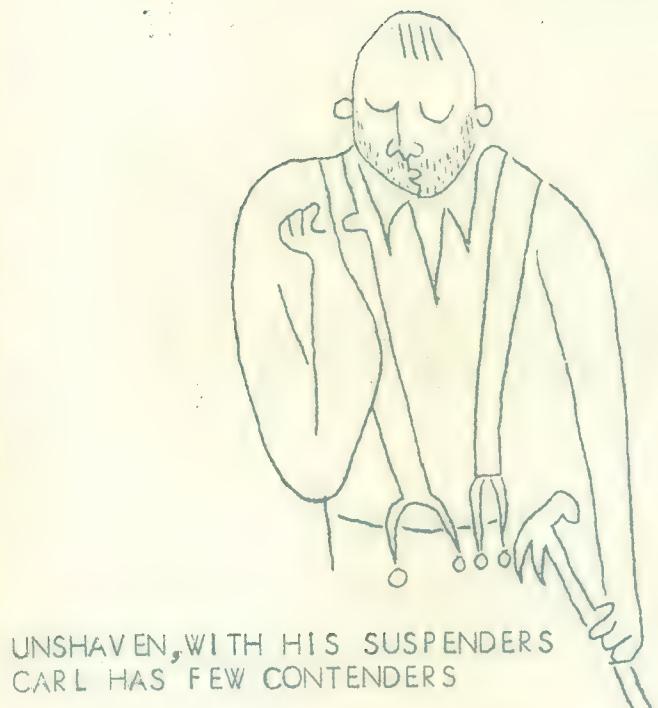
"I know who that is.."

PRINT SHOP BOB IS NO VILLAINOUS LAD
ON ORCHESTRA DAYS HE IS SOUSAPHONE CLAD



FEMALE ENTHUSIASTS DANCE IN BLACK
GRACE, POISE AND ELEGANCE THEY NEVER LACK

INTERPRETATIONS BY KAREN KISSIN



TO IMPROVING HIS JAZZ JOSH GIVES MUCH CARE
AS HE WALKS THROUGH CAMP TRIPPING ON HIS HAIR



KELLY SHIRTS, HELMETS IN YELLOW AND WHITE
SHOW WHO ARE THE ONES WITH BRAWN AND MIGHT



The old philosopher and psuedo-fool is in a very glum mood this morning due to the recent slanderous remarks pertaining to the cleanliness of Zephyr Hill. Therefore, the only pearls that will come from his mouth are that this morning Ellen Faber may print stationery, and this afternoon Illene Kaplan and Amy Dancis may print. Please come at the work gong or the philosopher will be even more distressed.

B
UCK'S ROCK WILL BE THE MAIN FEATURE
AT THE BRIDGEWATER FAIR----SO YOU
CAN SEE WHAT KIND OF FAIR IT IS.

My dear children:

The Leather Shop will be open this morning only for pony tail and calf holders.

E
verybody who is anybody has a secret in his or her deep dark past.
We want to know it.
Who are we? That is our secret.
Maybe you know where the yellow went.
Maybe you know who sam is.
Maybe you understand Dick Levy.
We want you for our "I've Got a Secret Show" next Wednesday night.
Here is our secret: we are Josh White and Bert Kleinman, the
Council of Two, who are you? (This rhymes because
we are using one of the Print Shop's, that most
strange of institution's, rhyming typewriters).
And If you are able to explain what Josh White and
Bert Kleinman are, and why each night they
mysteriously arise from bed and stand before
the selling stand lifting their arms to the
stars while chanting strange syllables to a
gentian-violet-coated cabbage leaf,

we don't want any part of you and wish
you would go away----preferably with them.

However, if you have any other secret, we want you for
the "I've Got a Secret Show".
See us or your member of the entertainment committee.

The Counsel of Two
Bibbity Bobbity Boo
(We told you this was a rhyming typewriter)

...AND I DON'T KNOW IF YOU HAVE BEEN
A GARDEN OF EDEN IN GET IT NICK AND GO
HOME WRAPPED IN YOUR RIBBON DIRECTIONS....

ZEPHYR HILL ASSOCIATES INC.

READ WITH MUCH CONDEMNATION

THE ZEPHYR HILL ASSOCIATES WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO
ESCAPE FROM THE GRIPS OF THE CONNECTICUT STATE HEALTH
INSPECTOR ONCE...T. HOWEVER, THEY SHALL NOT BE LUCK-
Y AGAIN

UN*L*E*S*S

THE FOLLOWING RULES ARE OBEYED:

1. THE SNACK TRAYS AND PITCHERS USED FOR SNACK BY THE ELECTRONICS PERSONNEL ARE RETURNED ON THE SAME DAY THEY ARE USED.
2. THE DASTARDLY DITCH *#*8%* SHALL BE FILLED IMMEDIATELY.
3. ALL TOOLS USED WILL BE CLEANED UP EVERY DAY, ESPECIALLY PICKAXES.
4. ALL SCRAPS OF WOOD AND ALL SANDUST SHALL BE REMOVED ON THE DAY THEY ARE MADE.
5. REST HOUR SHALL BE STRICTLY OBSERVED.
6. BOTH TENTS IN THE AREA SHALL BE KEPT SPOTLESS.
7. THE CIT'S SHALL KEEP THE TENNIS COURTS CLEAN.

SIGNED....

THE 4 UNHAPPY ASSOCIATES

O day of woe and sadness; those who have been by the Print Shop this morning have noted that its lovely bottled-in-bond creosote brown is turning a dyed-in-Aldebaran purple. Who are the miserable people who are keeping the Print Shop from being happy? Again, we read off our late Yearbook article prescription list:

Ava Dry, the phlegmatic folk singer
Jay Gottlieb, the fleeing photographer
Ellen Larsen, the bibulous bone collector
Sue Feibusch, the laughing lotterer
Paul Ducker, the ambiguous amphibian
Phyllis Roberts, the prosaic poet
Bill Sohn, the somnolent CIT
Steve Lipson, the prefabricating pre-fabber
Karen Eisenberg, the enticing introducer
Dan Kauter and Jon Marks, the deleterious delegates
Maida Gordon, the backstage battle-axe
Peter Roscnow (for whom we apologize again), the hydrophobic hardballer

Will these outlaws who are subverting us PLEASE hand their articles in to the Print Shop before this afternoon's weaving expedition so that they (and we) will not be disintegrated by midnight.

THE RANK-CONCIOUS CONSTRUCTION CREW WHOSE YELLOW AND WHITE CRASH HELMETS
MADE THEM APPEAR LIKE VISITORS FROM AN INTERSTELLAR WOOD SHOP

THE 3-MINUTE CALF

THE SMALL FLOOD DURING WHICH MANY TENTS IN GOOD STANDING SAT DOWN
FOMOCO

BEATING NEW MILFORD FOR THE FIRST TIME IN
TWO YEARS

I remember...

OUR EXPEDITION CREW THAT REPAIRED THE SELLING STAND IN FOUR HOURS

THE RUNNING BUCK RANCH'S RED LONGHORN

THE CIT'S AMBITIOUS "AND GLADLY WOULD WE LEARN AND GLADLY TEACH!"

THE DANCE-AND-KATZ DISRUPTING COLLATIONS OF THE 155-SONG (GULP!)
SONG BOOK AND THE YEAR BOOK

THE CONCERT WE GAVE AT TANGLEWOOD

THE "MIXED-NUT SPECKLE" AND "WIN NIGH FRUSTRATE DO THISTLE AND" IN
ANGUISH LANGUISH

DO NOT USE THE PHOTO SHOP AS A PASSAGEWAY (DAMMIT)

WHEN THE HAM STATION PIERCED THE IRON CURTAIN AND SPOKE TO RUSSIA

STEPPING OVER THE MARIGOLDS PLANTED BY THE PRINT SHOP'S PSEUDO-
POET

ALL THE RAINED-ON OVERNIGHTS

THE PRINT SHOP'S GESTETNER-STENCILED PHOTOGRAPHS

THE TEA, TOAST AND SYMPATHY DAY

WHEN WE HELPED NEW MILFORD CELEBRATE HER 250TH ANNIVERSARY BY WATCHING HER
LIGHT UP THE SKY ABOVE THE HOUSATONIC

THAT BULOVA WATCHES YOU (AND ME)

THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE POMP PRESENTATION OF BOB BENSON'S WEDDING GIFTS

THE BOOMING?, YELLING CIT GONG THAT CREATED A FULL FIRST
BREAKFAST FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS SUMMER

THE POPCORN, POSTCARDS, AND OTHER PARAPHERNALIA THAT WERE THROWN AT THE
CIT PLAY, AND THE COURTESY PAID TO THE PROMPTER

WHEN ANNA ANTON MADE BERT KLEINMAN INTO AN OMELET AT
"I'VE GOT A SECRET"

WHEN THE CONSTRUCTION CREW BEAT THE VARSITY 15-11

THE PA JAMA-AND-SHORTS-CLAD CONSTRUCTION CREW WHICH ATTEMPTED
MODERN DANCE FOR SIXTY HILARIOUS (AND CLUMSY) MINUTES

THE TRIP TO THE WEAVERS WHEN WE ALMOST WENT TO TANGLEWOOD

WHEN WLAD DID A "PEOPLE TO PEOPLE" BROADCAST FROM BUCK'S ROCK, WITH THE
CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA LED BY "YOUTHFUL DAVID KATZ"

WHEN AFTER PRINTING THE YEARBOOK PAGE THAT MENTIONED "THE UNUSUAL FACT
THAT THE COW DIDN'T RUN AWAY"the cow ran away

BRIDGEWATER: THE \$325 WE SPENT THERE, THE GYPSIES WHO SCARED ERNIE,
AND THE POT WHICH FOUND HIM

F E S T I V A L

THE CHECKS, SOBS, OAK LEAVES, SOBS, "SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO
KNOW YOU" AT FINAL CAMPFIRE

arriving at grand central

DORIS ADLER
JESSE ADLER
HARRY ALLAN
SARA ALLAN
ANNA ANTON
DAVE ANTON
BOB BENSON
HANK BERG
IRWIN BERGER
JUDY BERNSTEIN
ERNST BULOVA
ELSE BULOVA
STEVE BULOVA
RUTH BRYAN
LES CHARLOW
PETE COHEN
JAN CRISP
CHARLOTTE DUCKER
GLADYS DUNN
PETE EUBEN

tight money.
a root shop.
a lumber jacket.
getting plastered,
saying no.
facing plates.
happy forever after.
pseudo-poed.
a pound of flesh.
in hombo.
watching.
a match for a cake.
a week of week-ends.
curtains for her girls.
good, mad, or indifferent.
lintel soup.
a picnic supper every night.
juicy bugs.
in the red.
washed hands and brushed fingernails.

I know, let's leave...

DOROTHY FERGUSON
ERNEST (FERGY) FERGUSON
TOBY GLANTERNIK
STEVE GOLDSTEIN
HEDI GROOTKERK
EDIE and SANDY JASON
JUDY JOHNSON
DAVE KATZ
JEANNE KATZ
BARRY KORNFIELD
BERNIE LIEF
MARCIA LEVY
DICK LEVY
PHYLLIS MASKIN
SHELLY MASKIN
ELEANOR (DUTCH) MAYER
HARRY NOTOWITZ
PAULINE PETERSON
AL PINE
STAN PLOTNER
OLIVIA (LIVVY) RIDDELL
IRA ROSENBAUM
DICK SCHIFFER
STEVE SILVER
MIKE and YAEL SOBEL
JACK SONENBERG
PHOE BE SONENBERG
JOHN STEPHENSON,

forty sets of brushed teeth.
hot and cold running waterfalls.
Curley.
Two arms! Two arms! The cement truck is coming
a thirds cart.
a whole cow.
a yow yhat yidn't yet ayay.
youthful.
a chocolate soldier.
with his big foot up and his little foot down.
running buck.
a farmer's daughter.
no taste.
raising miniatures.
a switchboard.
ouch off clutch.
straight from the horse's mouth.
forty-six lovelies.
in red-hot Bermuda.
a bowl and chain.
a visitor-swatter.
raising a raquette.
clutching.
after first supper.
bigger and better vertebrae.
carOUSEling.
setting.
dammit.

ANNA SURASKY
CARL TANNENBAUM
ALICE UEDA
ANITA VACCARO
AL WEISMAN
SUSI WILLNER
JULIA WINSTON
DAN WILLE
PETER YAMIN

purple cucumbers,
suspended.
roller skates.
a dry overnight.
another dastardly ditch.
screening Farm House girls.
Gestenciled.
waiting patiently.
taped.

JC's

ORI ADLER
BEN APFELBAUM
JOHN HACK
HEDY HARRIS
STEVE HELLER
CAROL HOFFMAN
CAROL HOPPENFELD
ELIOT LERMAN
JUDY LOBER
BARBARA MILLER
RICHARD ROSENOW
DICK TRAUM
ELLY WILLE
BERNIE ZUCKER

on the air.
tonight.
a little list.
the rest of the pony.
shoplifting.
a tent in good standing.
foiled by a flashlight.
eleven finger picks.
lewd, but sober.
a home-baked cake.
wow (a rosy one).
his own ceramics shop.
a pencil dispensing machine.
a yellow helmet like the others.

CHS

NAOMI ADELMAN
DAVID ALLEN
GAIL ANGSTIN
DEBBY BERNSTEIN
ARTHUR BIROWITZ
JANET BLANK
CANDY BLISS
DAN BRONBERG
LAURIE COHEN
RONNIE DANZIG
MIKE DIAMOND
PAUL DUCKER
BOB FIBER
EMILY FINLEY
PAUL FRANK
MIRTY GANZELASS

STEVE GOLDWURK
HANK GOLDSTEIN
RUTH GOLDSTEIN
DEBBIE GORDON
ELLEN GRAND
ANDY JAMPOLER

slightly musty
an A instant.
a pregnant mule.
mimic glasses.
a black box--dammit.
cleaning up.
a portrait.
politely forgetting.
a yellow leotard.
peopled.
blowing bubbles.
water on the ankle.
type-cast.
artistically set.
impaled.
bucking up the wrong
tree.
clipped.
back in ten minutes.
mated (i.e. hook-ended).
mew bones, giblets,
and gizzards.
a Mosaic code.
dirty post-cards.

MIKE GOLDSTEIN
STEVE KAGLE
KAREN KISSIN
CHUCK KOSTHETZ
RICK LEE
STIN LEVINE
ELLEN MANNEY
BOB MARTIN
JIMMY MCBRIDE
BARBARA MILLMAN
ELENA OGUS
HERB PIANIN
SUE PINES
TOBY ROBISON
JONAS ROSENFIELD
MARGIE SIPHER
MIKE SHERWIN
BILL SOHN

MIKE STRONG
SHELLA WHITE
DICK WHEELER
WINNIE WINSLOW

blue bowls.
furnished.
on a happy planet.
dishonored.
eating people
spitting.
nake
an orange tail.
cement pots.
plastered.
posted.
slip-shod.
strumming.
musical chess.
cut!
hourly.
one lousy note.
till the next WII
meeting.
glowing.
a ghoul.
portrayed.
with his hand foot
underneath his arm.

NOAH BARYSH, M.D.

OLIVIA RIDDELL

ANNA SURASKY

ALICE UEDA

who have helped us survive the
thousand natural shocks our
flesh was heir to

DORIS ADLER

GLADYS DUNN

MARCIA LEVY

who have given and taken our
money with love and cheer

CAROL HOFFMAN

JUDY LOBER

BEN APFELBAUM

CAROL HOPPENFELD

JOHN HICK

HEDY HARRIS

BERNIE LEIF

STEVE HELLER

who, aside from their other
jobs, have answered phone calls,
and kept the office running

STEVE HELLER

CHARLOTTE DUCKER

who have brought us treasures
which fill our every need

MARIO PETRUCELLI

HEDI GROOTKERK

DICK SCHIFFER

FRANK HARRISON

JAMES CORNELL

JAMES HARDY

SMART EKPO

CHINAKA ESTABA

OKON IDEM

LENNY FREDRICK

NAT MOORE

who have guaranteed us the
right to a full tummy

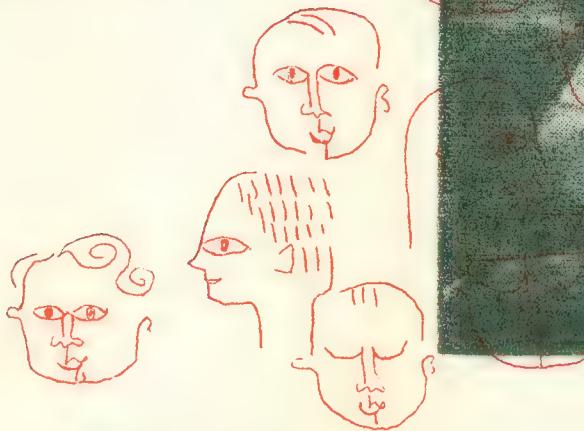
JOE ANDZIS

who has repaired all that we
have broken

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

This year the birth date of everyone at Buck's Rock has been included in the name and address section of the Yearbook. Before each person's name there are two numbers; the first signifying the month of the birthday and the second designating the day on which it falls. It is hoped that everyone will find this addition useful in sending good wishes on birthday occasions.

BOYS



A RICHARD ACKERBERG
 MICHAEL AGRANOFF
 DANNY ALLAN
 MARK ANTON
 BERNARD ARONSON
 SIMON ARONSON

5424 Arlington Ave.	Bronx 71	KI 9	7762	8/15
48 Maplewood Ave.	West Hartford, Conn.	AD 2	5261	5/12
130 St. Edwards St.	Bklyn. 1	UL 2	5688	11/3
1339 Boynton Ave.	Bronx 72	TI 2	6858	3/27
41 Oakwood Ave.	Rye, NY	RYE 7	4091	5/16
41 Oakwood Ave.	Rye, NY	RYE 7	4091	9/13

B MARK BASKIR
 ROBERT BERSON
 STEVEN BESNER
 MICHAEL BRAMBIER
 CHARLES BRAUN
 ALLEN BRYAN
 HOWARD BURSTEIN

1620 Avenue I	Bklyn. 30	NA 8	6363	1/22
80 LaSalle St.	Man. 27	AC 2	1525	5/29
1001 Grand Concourse	Bronx 53	JE 7	4338	11/1
841 Duncan Drive	Westbury NY	ED 4	2352	6/15
60 Clarkson Ave.	Bklyn 26	IN 9	2848	4/27
28-02 Parsons Blvd.	Flushing, NY	FL 9	0872	6/19
661 Grenville Ave.	West Englewood, NJ	TE 6	2715	4/16

C CHARLES CANTOR
 FREDERIC CHERNER
 STEVEN CHERNER
 BILL CRAIN

90 Piccadilly Downs	Lynbrook, NY	LY 3	7778	8/26
99-45 67th Road	Forest Hills 75, NY	IL 9	8356	6/23
99-45 67th Road	Forest Hills 75, NY	IL 9	8356	12/23
48 Magnolia Lane	Elmont NY	MA 1	0419	5/16

D RICHARD DAYNARD
 JOHN DREHER

55 Central Park West	Man. 23	LY 5	7271	7/19
57 Moran Place	New Rochelle, NY	NE 2	8738	3/28

D KENNETH DUCKER

39 Sunlight Hill Yonkers, NY

YO 5 8916 4/27

E ARTHUR ECKMAN
PETER EISENKLM
THOMAS EISENKLM

2249 Morris Ave. Bronx 53
71-36 110th St. Forest Hills, NY
71-36 110th St. Forest Hills, NY

FO 4 3949 11/6
BO 8 6608 3/20
BO 8 6608 5/11

F VICTOR FERGUSON
STEVEN FIGLER
BERNARD FILNER
ROBERT FILNER
DAVID FINLAY
NEIL FISCHBEIN
ALLAN FRAENKEL
JOHN FRIEDMAN
BRUCE FRISHKOFF

Wild Duck Road Stamford, Conn.
208 Angler Ave. Palm Beach, Fla.
105-23 63rd Ave. Forest Hills, NY
105-23 63rd Ave. Forest Hills, NY
138-09 78th Drive Flushing 67
15 Whitewood Road White Plains, NY
4601 Henry Hudson Pkwy. Bronx 71
7 Gilmore Court Scarsdale, NY
32 Beechwood Road Roslyn, NY

VI 4 0560 6/18
TW 6 0193 7/20
TW 6 0193 12/16
RE 9 5715 9/4
WH 8 7484 1/7
KI 3 0805 6/25
SC 3 2527 6/16
RO 3 5045 10/31
RO 3 5045 4/29

G PETER GAGE
RICHARD GOLDBERG
JAY GOTTLIEB
EDWARD GREER
PAUL GROOTKERK

78-11 Main St. Flushing 67
18 Deer Park Great Neck, NY
303 Beverly Road Bklyn. 18
45 Martense St. Bklyn. 26
25 Hillside Ave. Man. 40

AX 7 0746 4/30
GR 2 2092 4/30
GE 5 0198 6/22
BU 7 5291 1/28
SW 5 7011 5/23

H ALAN HACK
CARL HAMMER
ROY HARRIS
BRETT HEISS
JIM HENAGHAN
CYRUS HOFFMAN
CHARLES HOLLANDER

85 Strong St. Bronx 68
137-22 Francis Lewis Blvd. Laurelton NY LA 7 3058 3/13
1040 Carroll St. Bklyn. 25 IN 7 1289 2/9
360 First Ave. Man. 10 SP 7 2993 12/4
c/o Fosse, 75 East 80th St. Man. 21 LY 6 2639 12/20
100-29 75th Ave. Forest Hills, NY BO 8 8548 3/9
2780 University Ave. Bronx 68 KI 3 7973 2/20
KI 3 8370 10/31

I RAYMOND INGRAM
ROGER ISAACS

66 Woodbrook Road White Plains, NY
953 East 9th St. Bklyn. 30

WH 9 5742 1/8
ES 7 4958 7/8

J DANIEL JAFFE

6 W. 77th St. Man. 24

SU 7 2409 7/26

DANIEL KANTER
DANIEL KIRSCH
JOEL KLAUSMAN
BERT KLEINMAN
RICHARD KOHN
DOUGLAS KRAMER
STEPHEN KURTZER
ROBERT KUTTNER

46 Sun Valley Way Morris Plains, NJ
429 Heath Pl. Hackensack, NJ
10-35 68th Ave. Forest Hills, NY
6784 Groton St. Forest Hills, NY
1225 Park Ave. Man. 28
8 Arbor Lane Merrick, NY
611 W. 239th St. Bronx 63
196 Webster Road Scarsdale, NY

JE 9 2945 2/8
HU 7 3337 8/14
LI 4 4792 7/24
BO 8 4251 6/5
SA 2 6153 9/22
FR 9 5284 6/3
KI 8 3160 9/10
SC 3 6177 4/17

DANIEL LANDER
GORDON LEVY
STEVE LIPSON

85 Birchall Drive Scarsdale, NY
196 Webster Road Scarsdale, NY
300 Central Park W. Man. 24

SC 3 7798 2/22
SC 3 6177 9/18
SU 7 3280 6/11

JONATHAN MARKS
PETER MELTZER
DAVID MICHELS
ANDREW MILMAN
DANIEL MITCHELL

117-16 Park Lane S. Kew Gardens, NY
1100 Park Ave. Man. 28
155 Calhoun Ave. New Rochelle, NY
15 Farmers Road Great Neck, NY
41-44 47th St. Long Island City, NY

HI 1 0838 6/9
LE 4 6050 9/1
NE 6 0865 4/19
HU 7 4362 4/4
ST 4 8838 9/7

ALAN NELKIN
KENNETH NEWROCK
RICHARD NEWROCK

160 Wildwood Road Great Neck, NY
136 Berry St. Valley Stream, NY
136 Berry St. Valley Stream

HU 2 1917 5/5
TI 4 8699 10/11
TI 4 8699 8/7

RICHARD OSTROFSKY

2780 University Ave. Bronx 68

KI 3 6929 12/2

MICHAEL PACT
JONATHAN PAULSON
LUIS PERELMAN
DAVID PINES

3 Fir Drive Great Neck, NY
14 Anchor Drive, Rye, NY
155 East 62nd St. Man. 21
1595 Unionport Road Bronx 62

HU 2 8044 10/19
MA 9 8097 7/21
TE 8 0268 11/21
TA 2 0957 1/24

P

DANNY PORESKY
 DAVID PRENTICE
 DAVID PRINCE
 LAWRENCE PROPPER

2615 Washington St. Allentown, Pa.
 7 Shadow Lane Great Neck, NY
 7702 Park Ave. North Bergen, NJ
 6771 Groton St. Forest Hills, NY

HE 2 8493 4/14
 HU 7 1567 10/17
 UN 7 7750 3/7
 BO 8 6504 3/27

R

MICHAEL RAUCH
 JOSH RIFKIN
 PETER ROSENOW
 DAVID ROSS
 JAMES ROTHENBERG

99-31 64th Ave. Forest Hills, NY
 3835 Bailey Ave. Bronx 63
 2641 Marion Ave. Bronx 58
 369 Bleecker St. Man. 14
 225 Lincoln Place Bklyn. 17

TW 6 1136 6/17
 KI 8 0828 4/22
 FO 5 8885 3/31
 WA 9 1995 3/3
 NE 8 6730 7/9

S

BOB SALSBURG
 ALAN SALTZMAN
 MARK SALTZMAN
 FRED SCHLOESSINGER
 ADAM SCHWEIG
 MORLEY SHELMAN
 STEWART SIMENS
 JOSEPH SMALL
 JEFFREY SOLOMON
 KENNETH SOLOMON
 MICHAEL SPIRER
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 94-10 64th Road Rego Park 74

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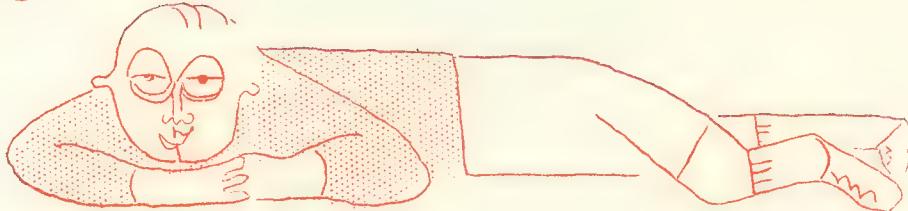
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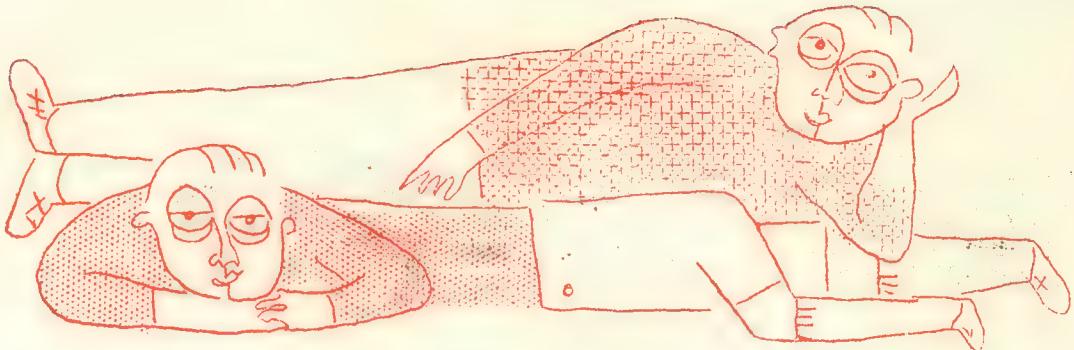
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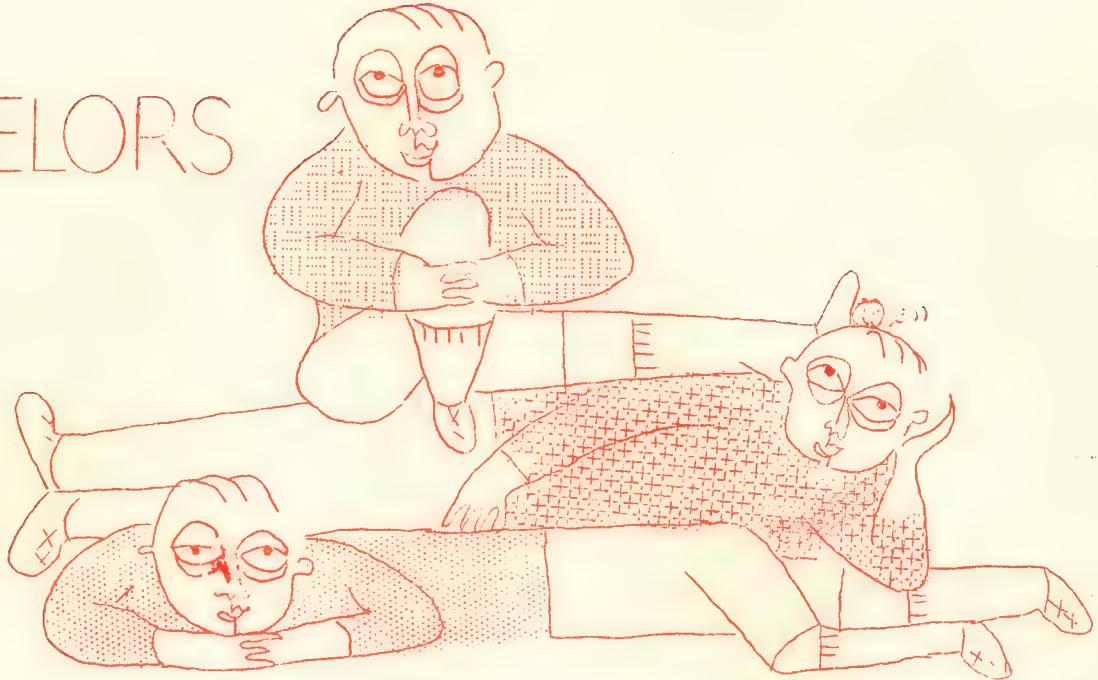
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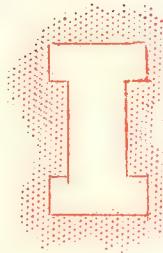
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I'm Overwhelmed
What Shall I Do Today?
I've Got a Rehearsal
My Game Is Improving
I Think I Will Go
I'll See You at the Reunion

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Arlene Kagle, Julie Euben, Maida Gordon, Phyllis Roberts, Karin Elkind

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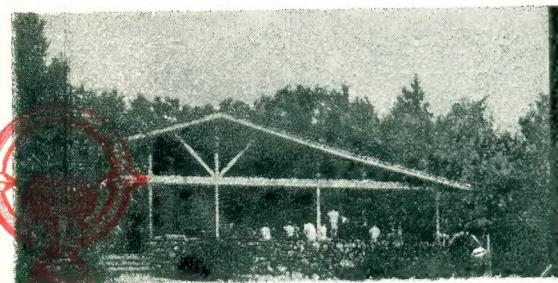
Candy Bliss, Chairman
Karen Steinberg, Carol Kaufman, Mimi Golub, Phyllis Roberts, Karin Elkind

ADDRESS CORRECTION

Ellen Larsen lives in Hawthorne, New Jersey, not Hawthorne, New York.

Time to say good-bye

SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU



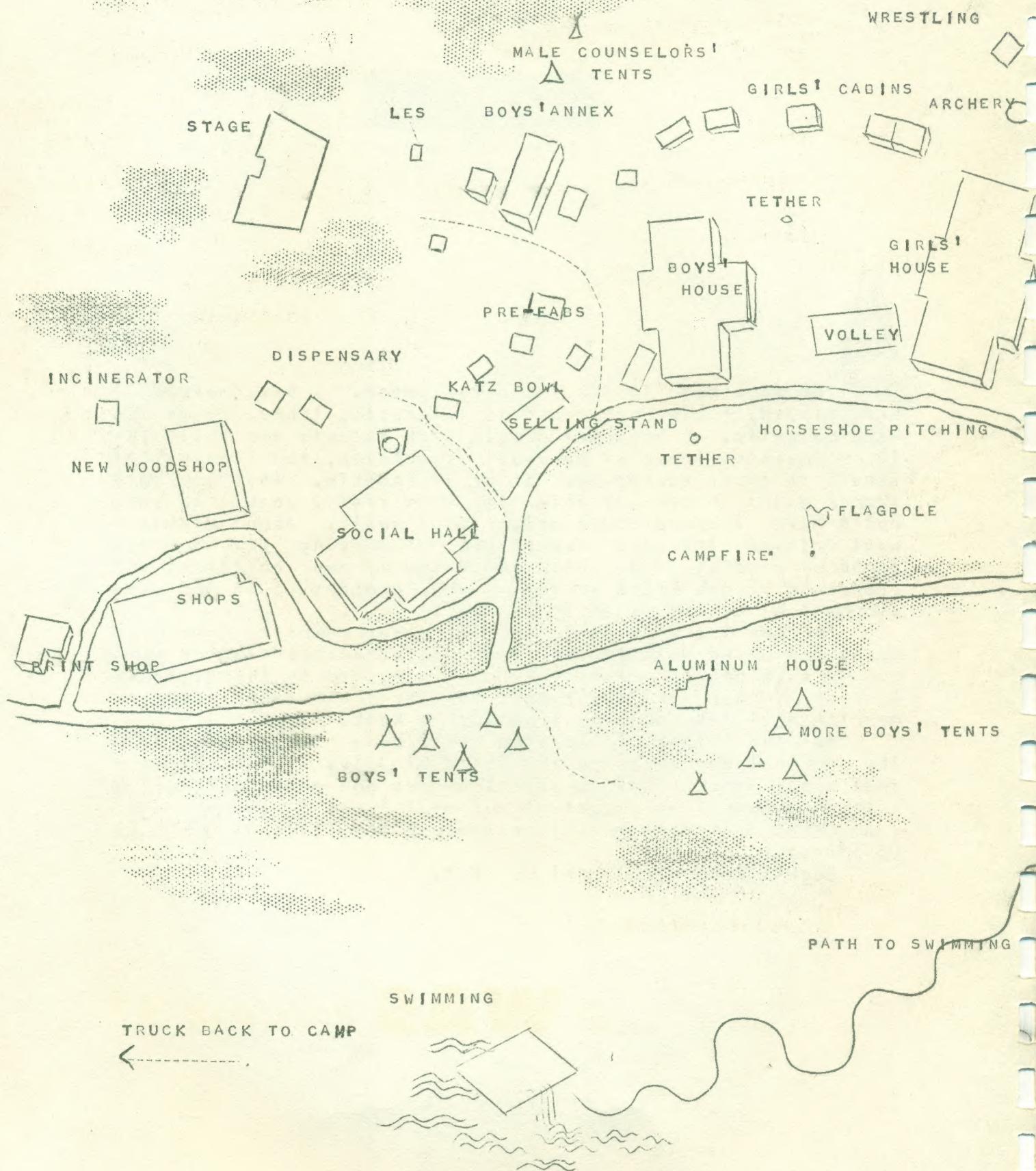
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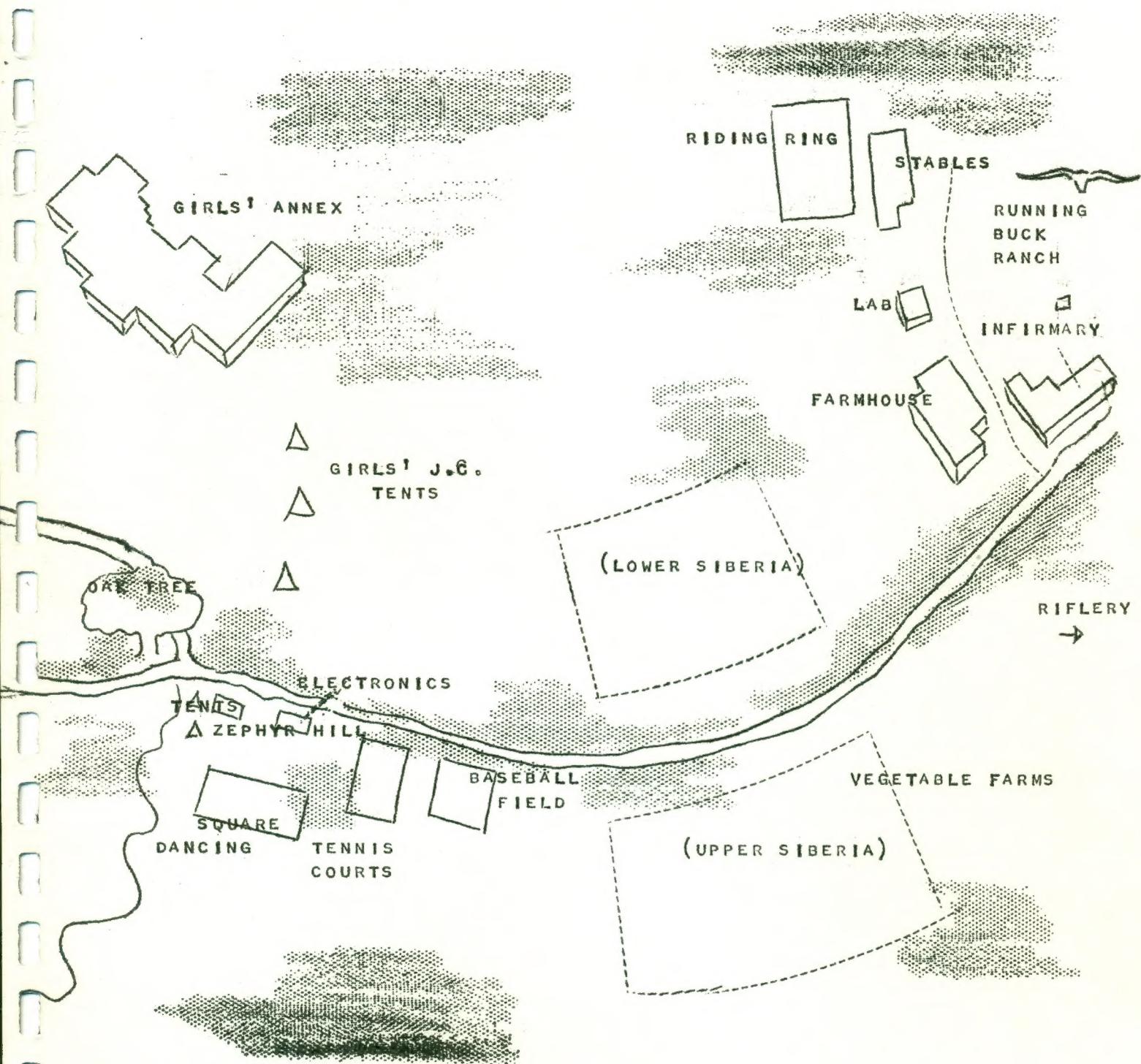
nd so I come to the end of a summer. I have worked, I have played, I have broadened my interests, I have grown toward maturity. I have met people with talents and abilities far surpassing those of my usual associates, and I have felt secure in their acceptance of my friendship. What has this summer meant to me? At this time I am really unable to say. But I have learned about art, about music, about drama; I have enjoyed the rare experience of working with a rare group of people; and I have increased my own abilities and broadened my own ideas so that I have progressed in the development of myself as an individual.

And now the high blaze of the final campfire has died down, consuming with it the sound of sad voices singing good-bye to each other. It is very dark now, and in the distance I think I hear the low rumble of the train that tomorrow morning will take me away from Buck's Rock.

But the I that is leaving will be a different I from the one that came here on the third of July. I will be an I that has learned that cooperation does not mean conformity; I learned that I am important for what I can do and for what I am; that I am much more than someone who lives at 91-95 E. 96 Street.

Buck's Rock has taught me that.





...it **WAS** heaven in '57